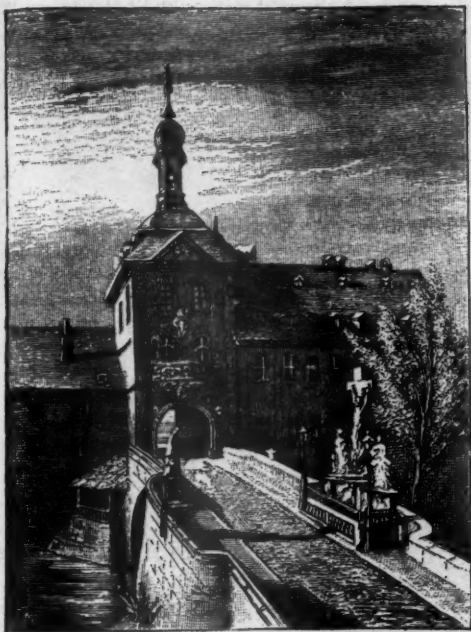


ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE

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BAMBERG.

BY SOPHIA BEALE.



THE OLD BRIDGE.

BAVARIA is singularly rich in quaint old towns; and not the least interesting are the three which form a sort of triangle—Nürnberg, Regensburg, and Bamberg. In the Middle Ages, the geographers placed the latter as the centre of the German Empire; in our own time, it is chiefly known by foreigners as a stopping-place for visitors en-route for Bayreuth. Yet it was formerly an important city, and the scene of innumerable squabbles between its prince-bishops and the townspeople, and the sufferer from

countless raids by semi-barbarous nobles from neighboring lands. Its foundation is said to have been due to Charlemagne, or his son, Louis le Débonnaire; but it was to Heinrich II, when he took up his abode in the castle as the successor of the Dukes of Babenberg, that it owed its rich and numerous monasteries.

The mere situation of Bamberg is picturesque in the extreme. The streets are all up and down, and upon the crests of the seven hills are monasteries and churches; while all around, the country is one huge market-garden, which pours its produce into the city three or four times a week. Like most German towns, it is wide awake at 5 A.M. When in the world the people sleep, it is difficult to imagine; they are up as late at night as ourselves, and half the day's work is done before 9 in the morning. From 5 to 7, the peasants stream into the market-place with their oxen-drawn carts full of vegetables, fruit, and poultry; a few minutes are passed in church as a good beginning to the day's work, and then the market becomes a perfect Babel of sounds, human and animal, from the throats of men and women, beasts and birds—mostly geese when we were there; these being marched about under the arms of vendors and purchasers, not suffering altogether silently, poor feathered martyrs.

From the market to the Dom is but a few minutes' stroll over the grand old bridge and through the turreted gate of

the town hall. The river Regnitz is here divided into several arms, which flow through the centre of the city and are crossed by many bridges, old and new; and it is upon one of the islands thus formed (artificially, it is said), that the fresco-covered town hall stands—a picturesque, if not a beautiful building. But it is the cathedral which is the glory of the old city. Founded by Heinrich II, it was consecrated by the Patriarch John of Aquileia; but, like most early churches, it was destroyed by fire, very

Unlike Regensburg and Nürnberg, Bamberg was never a walled city, although it was always the ambition of its citizens to enclose it. The thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries were troublous times, and it seems that the bishop and the townspeople did not live the happiest of lives together. Would not a wall help to make the town stronger, and so aid in the cause of peace? Thus the good burghers seem to have thought, although St. Kunigunde was of opinion that a silken cord drawn



CONVENT OF ST. MICHAEL.

little of the original building remaining. The present church was erected in the first half of the thirteenth century.

Tradition has been busy at Bamberg, and among other less authenticated legends is one which relates that St. Elizabeth (who lived there with her uncle, Bishop Eckbert, after the death of her husband, Louis of Poppenstein) instituted masses for the dead by causing one to be said in the Dom for the benefit of her husband's soul; this being the first upon record in the German Empire.

round the city was sufficient protection. But the citizens had their way, and, obtaining an imperial edict from his majesty Sigismund, in 1430, they paid a war tax of 12,000 florins, in consideration of certain privileges and the permission to build them a wall, mainly (so they said) to keep off the Hussites. But once built, what did these crafty citizens do? They attacked their prince-bishop, and drove him and his chapter up the Michaelsberg, to the consternation of the Council of Bâle, which stepped in,



THE TOWN HALL.

excommunicated the burghers, and compelled the emperor to recall his edict. Submission followed, the new fortifications were pulled down, five of the ring-leaders were beheaded, and Bamberg once more became the prey of episcopal tyranny, only protected from external enemies by St. Kunigunde's silken cord.

The old bridge (Obere-brücke) was finished in 1455, but the figure of the empress-saint and the group of the Crucifixion are of much later date. In the centre is the entrance to the town hall, built upon the island as a subterfuge when Bishop Rothenhahn, desiring to punish the town for its rebellion, destroyed the rath-haus and ordered the new one to be built outside the city. Oh, ye wary citizens! The balconies are very good specimens of German Renaissance wrought-iron work, as is the fountain at the end of the bridge.

The Dom is one of the finest Romanesque churches in all Germany. The original building was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1081; and, rebuilt

by Bishop Otto in 1111, it was again partially ruined. The present fabric was raised after the second conflagration; the oldest parts being the crypt, the eastern choir, and fragments of the second church, which were worked into the new one. There seems to have been some difficulty in obtaining funds to carry on the building, for we find the Council of Lyons decreeing that absolution should be given to all offenders if only they would agree to contribute to the cathedral fund. Doubtless this was successful, as the church is almost entirely in one style, showing that there could have been little delay in the work.

Outside the eastern apse is a raised platform upon which the portals rest, and under this a baker's shop. The amount of bread for sale therein seemed small when we passed by; but this may be accounted for, as the bakery appears to form part of a function upon certain days, rather than to be an ordinary shop. It seems that at certain intervals of several years, the relics are exposed upon the platform on holy days; and it is then the custom for the newly elected members of the chapter to be processioned by the officiating clergy to the baker's shop, where a loaf is given to each in token of his having been received into the capitular body. Then, to show his gratitude and glad-



ness, he is expected to buy all the bread on sale and divide it among the scholars of the cathedral schools. No doubt this custom was emblematic of the command, "Feed my sheep"; but why it should have been so literally carried out at Bamberg, tradition does not specify. The eastern portals rest upon lions, popularly designated the cathedral "toads," and symbolic of the monsters sent by the evil one to stay the building of the church—so jealous was he of the rapid progress made by the workmen. Above, in one of the stories of the northwestern tower, is a chapel with traces of an altar, and a much damaged fresco representing the martyrdom of a bishop. The lower stories of both the eastern towers have the character of vaulted chapels. Canopied statues of Adam and Eve, Saints Peter, Stephen, Heinrich, and Kuni-gunde, are not without grace, although they are somewhat attenuated; and the naturalism is carried to the extent of representing Heinrich's shortened foot,

which was the result of an accident while hunting. The emperor limped in consequence, and time has worked the story up into a picturesque legend. Thus it runs: While on a pilgrimage to the cave of St. Michael on Mount Gorgano, the archangel came to the saint and offered him a Bible to kiss. Astonished and dismayed, Heinrich hesitated; whereat St. Michael seized him by the hip and thrust him down on his knees, thereby dislocating the joint. Just under the figure of Eve is the adulteresses' stone upon which the miserable women were compelled to sit, clad in black with a wreath of straw upon their heads, and holding a lighted taper; a living mark, at which the good churchgoers were wont to throw rotten eggs, decayed apples, and other offal.

On entering the cathedral, the first object which catches the eye is an equestrian statue upon the north side of the chancel arch, by some authorities said to be the Emperor Konrad III (who



THE RATH HOUSE.

was buried in the church), by others St. Stephen of Hungary. The latter was a pagan in early life, and, journeying to Bamberg to free King Heinrich's sister Gisela (a princess "full of most blessed conditions," whom he afterward married), he was converted to Christianity and baptized. The legend which has been attached to the statue, either as cause or effect, relates that St. Stephen, upon approaching the Dom, found the door open, and, riding in, owed his conversion to his horse's superior vision; for, like Balaam's ass, it beheld what, to its master's eyes, was invisible and veiled:

"Er ritt, wer wird's dem Hei-
den nicht verzeihen
Blank durch des Gotteshauses
Säuleureihen,
Er reitet durch die Fürsten-
thür
Er reitet bis zum Chore für;
Das Ungarross erblickt
Den Kerzenschein, erschrickt
Der Herr wird belehrt vom
eigenen Pferde,
Das hier er trete auf heilige Erde."

In the centre of the nave stands the beautiful recumbent tomb of Saints Heinrich and Kunigunde, which Bishop Georg commissioned the celebrated Tilmann Riemenschneider, of Würzburg, to execute in 1499, to replace some earlier monuments which were not considered of sufficient importance as memorials of the great founders of the church. The tomb consists of a sarcophagus surrounded by exquisitely carved alto-relievos, representing events in the lives of the royal pair, and notably St. Kunigunde walking over red-hot ploughshares, to silence scoffers and scandal-mongers; for, beloved as these sovereigns were by their subjects, and generous and single-minded as they were in all their dealings, they did not escape



EQUESTRIAN STATUE IN CATHEDRAL.

the calumny of evil-minded men; hence the empress's unpleasant promenade.

In the crypt, which extends the whole length of the eastern choir, is the tomb of Konrad III and a curious draw-well, from which water is obtained for baptisms.

The treasury contains many exquisite specimens of early goldsmith's-work, in spite of the many losses it has sustained through wars and spoliation. The Byzantine ivory crucifix given by the Emperor Basil II to St. Heinrich is more curious than beautiful; but the two bronze candelabra, one and a half metres high, are exquisite and unique specimens of twelfth-century work. Many are the relics of St. Heinrich and his wife: their caps, a Romanesque lamp, a sword, and a knife; but the most interesting are their coronation mantles, embroidered in gold. The emperor's has forty-four

medallions representing scenes from Scripture, with legends illustrating the history of the Redemption. The mantle of the empress appears to be of Oriental workmanship. The foundation is of blue velvet; the ornamentation, the signs of the zodiac, and other designs of Christian and apparently Mohammedan character. It was given by Duke Melus of Apulia to St. Heinrich in 1019 (probably as a thank-offering for driving the Saracens out of the Duke's dominions), and bears the following inscriptions: "Descriptio totius orbis. Pax Ismaheli, qui hoc ordinavit." Duke Melus was buried in the cathedral.

Amongst the goldsmith's-work are many ancient chalices and reliquaries of cloisonné and champlevé enamel, and a curious Romanesque onyx cup belonging formerly to the monastery of St. Michael, and used by St. Kunigunde as a recep-

carried back to Bamberg with great pomp and ceremony.

The Jacobskirche very much resembles the church of the same name in Regensburg. It is a grand Romanesque building, very well restored some few years ago, although it had previously suffered much embellishment at the hands of an eighteenth-century architect, who, among other vandalisms, destroyed a fine mosaic pavement. Very beautiful also are the carved stalls of the chancel.

From the Jacobskirche, the wayfarer has to descend a hill once more (having mounted to the Dom), and to climb another to the Michaelsberg; indeed, a walk about Bamberg means perpetually going up and down hill. Passing the Alte Residenz, a fine Renaissance fragment of the old episcopal palace, the traveler gets a good view of the Benedictine convent of St. Michael, perched



VIEW FROM THE RIVER.

tacle for the money with which she paid the workpeople engaged in building St. Stephen's Church.

In another part of the cathedral is a remarkable carpet found in the grave of Bishop Günther when the cathedral was restored. The prelate died in 1065 upon his journey home from Jerusalem, and his body is said to have been enveloped in this Oriental carpet and

upon an isolated hill. It was founded by St. Henry and became celebrated as a school of miniature-painting and calligraphy. It is now used as a hospital, and its gardens are converted into a café. There, on a fine day, you may sip your coffee and gaze upon the surrounding country, if you can bear the interest which the natives appear to take in you; for foreigners do not often pay

Bamberg more than a passing visit. The place seems to swarm with descendants of Israel, and to them an English face appears as a revelation; partly, perhaps, as Bamberg is, in fashions, some five years behind Vienna, Paris, or London. But it would be well for the peace of mind of the benighted foreigner if the natives would study the landscape rather than their neighbors.

sibly with truth, for there is a good deal of resemblance between the three buildings, allowing for the destroying eighteenth-century architects, who have completely wrecked St. Michael's and denuded it of all beauty and interest except its legendary matter. Many were the cures which resulted from the faithful creeping through some openings in the sides of the tomb of St. Otto, under the



THE MICHAELSBERG FROM THE ALTE RESIDENZ.

The holy Bishop Otto, the apostle of the Pomeranians, to whom the saint went on two occasions to work at their conversion, was a great patron of the monastery and of art in general; but as early as the thirteenth century, squabbles arose between the bishop and the abbot, between the latter and his own monks, and between all of them and the citizens. The monastery was twice stormed and robbed by the burghers, and in 1488 a great quarrel took place between the abbot and his religious, because the former decided to allow commoners to enter the ranks of the community. This little rupture lasted, off and on, for nearly twenty years. Behind the high altar of the church is the tomb of St. Otto, who, assisted by one Babo, rebuilt the church after its destruction in 1117. Babo is the reputed architect of the Dom and the Jakobskirche, and pos-

sibly upon which the saint's effigy rests; possibly the ailments of these persons, which allowed them to squeeze themselves through such small apertures, were not of much consequence. But what of the enormous crucifix, the figure of which descended from the rood, and appeared to the abbot upon the night of the great earthquake which destroyed the monastery, thus saving the lives of the community?

In the town library are a great many service-books and missals, the work of Bamberg artists, although the best have been removed to the royal library at Munich. One of its treasures is a unique copy of Pliny's "Natural History," containing the latter part. Here the thirty-third book of Livy's "History" was found, and a copy of Richter, the chronicler of the ancient Franks. The prayer-books of Saints Heinrich and



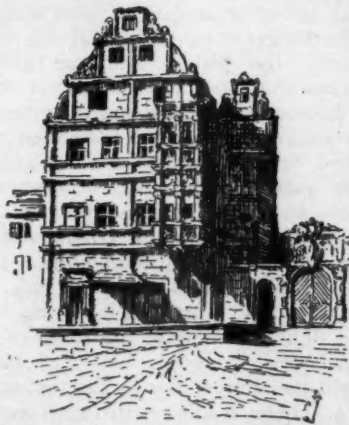
TOWERS OF THE DOM.

Kunigunde have ivory covers carved in alto-relievo; and another noteworthy work is the contemporary replica of Alcuin's Bible, which was made by order of Charlemagne as a present to Pope Leo III. It is probably the work of the monks of St. Martin of Tours, of which convent Alcuin the Saxon was abbot from 796 until his death. It is ornamented with a bust of the abbot and the legend: "Jusserat hos | Alcuinus ecclesiæ famulus prescribere libros." But the drawing of the figures is very primitive; on the other hand, the ornament and the initial letters display that originality, somewhat barbarous and bizarre, added to great brilliancy of color, which is always to be seen in the early manuscripts of Great Britain and Ireland. It must be remembered that such ornament may have been intended as an inducement to learning as well as an embellishment of the text, for it is said that Alfred the Great, who was illiterate up to the age of twelve, was excited into a desire for knowledge by the admiration with which he was filled upon looking through

some beautifully illuminated books belonging to Judith, the daughter of Charles the Bald.

Besides the 2000 manuscripts on vellum, the library contains 1180 on paper, and a large collection of drawings, paintings, and engravings by the old German masters Albrecht and Lucas Kranach, Aldegrever, Holbein, and Hans Schwarz, a pupil of Albrecht Dürer.

Turning from art to nature, we may wander away to the Theresienhain, the Bois de Boulogne of Bamberg. Like its brother in Paris, it is a stretch of wood and meadow partly cultivated, but mostly left in its wild condition. Paths have been cut through it, and seats placed so that you can moon away an afternoon in the cool glades or on the banks of the canal, and drink your coffee to the accompaniment of a band. But if you prefer to walk in the precincts of the Altenburg, and exercise your imagination in repopling the old castle with its semi-savage lords, the Dukes of Babenberg, you will at least enjoy a splendid view over the adjoining country toward the so-called Franconian Switzerland. The country is charming, a mass of woods and rocks tossed about, with innumerable rivers winding in and out of the valleys. Like the Saxon Switzerland, it is a country to visit and delight in; both



THE ALTE RESIDENZ.



have their peculiar individualities, but neither has the slightest resemblance to the land of snow-capped mountains and glaciers, and nicknaming them Switzerland only brings them into silly rivalry with their magnificent namesake.

Still, in spite of comparisons, which are foolish if not odious, the country is well worth a visit to lovers of nature of a gentle kind, who like to get away from the more frequented haunts of tourists.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

THE world's not half so bad a place
 As many try to make it ;
 But whether good or bad, to us,
 Depends on how we take it.
 It's up the hill, and down the hill,
 And pushing all along there,
 Be who you may, and what you will,
 It's surely worth a song there.
 It is ! For that's the way the world goes !

If we go whining everywhere,
 And seem resolved to grumble
 Because our life is one of care
 And all our lot is humble,
 The folk we meet in every street
 Will pass us in a hurry ;
 They rarely have the time to wait
 For someone else's worry.
 Ah, yes ! That's just the way the world goes !

But if we wear a cheerful face,
 And boldly, bravely labor,
 Although we stumble in the race,
 We'll always find a neighbor.
 So don't look down, though fortune frown
 And you have scarce a dinner ;
 Just give for right a stand-up fight,
 And you'll come out the winner.
 You will ! For that's the way the world goes.



"Love to thee to the end of days,
 Child of the dauntless life!
 Men shall honor and women praise—
 Maid and mother and wife.
 Bruised by stones were thy steadfast feet,
 Torn were thy tender hands;
 The fierce sun thine, and the mountain sleet;
 The scath of evil lands:
 The High God saw thee, thy deed complete,
 And loosed the slaver's bands."
Ballads of Morning.

AT five years of age, he was a being for painters to desire and women to love; to rouse in men the spirit of prophecy and to please the gods; ruddy, blithe, glossily curled, and bravely accoutred—the reign of wealth and luxury.

At seven, the glossy curls were gone; the accoutrements of velvet and lace were not so cheerily fine; but the ruddy face and dancing blue eyes and lovable-ness remained—the decline of prosperity.

At nine, the honest beauty was still there, but the gay caparisons had vanished and the humblest garments took their place, while the eyes were bent to studious tasks—the fall of King Comfort and all his royal house.

At eleven, there was the dreary sameness of shabby clothes and frayed shoes, but always the pride of life, the neat and orderly array; the old light still in the

eyes, but steady and subdued—the rainbow dance a sedate measure; the childish hands given to common toil that the wolf cross not the threshold—the austere rule of poverty.

At thirteen, the once ruddy cheek is pale. Meat once a week is scarce enough for a growing laborious lad. Bread and sugar and water, and potatoes or corn-meal once a day, do not make the eyes to dance nor set laughter on the lip. The everlasting click of the telegraphic instrument, and the long tense hours when the boyish ear is bent to the "sounder" and the boyish fingers record the monotonous language of the electric tongue, do not fill young life with merriment. Marriages, deaths, births, misfortunes, warnings, counsels and congratulations, the rise and fall of stocks and shares, the dull mechanical list of prices from the great markets—these clicking through the brain cause

not the heart to rejoice in the days of youth.

And these swift lines of prelude are telegraphic messages to whom they may concern—that is, to all who read here of the life of Frith Highland, gentleman. And I, his biographer, desire that they, with all which follow, shall be read and remembered, that when men may say the age is soulless and selfish, and strength is fled from its loins, there be evidence that it is falsely spoken.

“God’s in the world for thee,
Play, boy, play in the sun!
‘There’s only mother and me,
And winter is just begun;
And bread is so hard to get,
And God is so far away,
I fancy He must forget
That some boys never have play;
And never have bat or ball,
Nor fishing-tackle or sled,
Nor any fun in the world at all,
But only the fight for bread.”

Ballads of Twilight.

If you had entered the telegraph office of the town of Malcolm in Canada, on a winter morning twenty-five years ago, you would have seen Frith Highland with his fingers on the open key, sending messages. You would have noticed that his hands looked cold and blue, that his clothes were thin and insufficient, and that he occasionally struck his toes on the floor to warm them. You would have known that his face was closely earnest and anxious, and that there was a look of determination about the close-pressed lips. This lad of thirteen is filling a position which would tax the intelligence and endurance of a man of twenty-five. The snow beats on the window-panes in gusts and eddies, the hand of the ice-king holds the land in a masterful clasp; but it does not chill the hearts of all. Business moves briskly in shop and market; well-clothed lads career joyously in the streets. Frith Highland hears the shouts of the youthful revelers, but he has set his boyhood behind him. He is the protector of a home; he is grown to be a citizen, a factor in the State; putting his young

life into the general wave of energy; contributing to the making of a nation; accurate, patient, secret, consistent, forceful; asking the world for nothing but work and wages, getting labor of an imperious and exacting kind, and wages of so meagre a bulk that Shylock had perjured himself to be clear of the infamy of such reward. Because the lad was young, because his parents were poor, because his power of resistance was so slight—to be screwed to the last notch in the lever!

Upon the lad’s earnings depends the existence of the family of five children, of which he is the eldest; hangs the peace of mind of a mother whom he loved, as in spite of the awful common-places of poverty the poor can love; rests, it may be, the life of a father broken in health, shaken in mind, and dispossessed of all that once was his. Have you ever noticed how misfortune follows misfortune—“first a speck and then a vulture, till the air is black with pinions”? How this timid investment fails, and that contract is brutally broken? How credit is refused here, and due assistance is forgotten there? How, in some sudden economic peril, the prized silver and furniture go? How quickly then the descent from comfort begins? Dresses are turned; clothes are cut down for the children; the sofa is drawn over the torn carpet; quilts and old garments take the place of worn-out blankets; two waistcoats are worn instead of two shirts, and—all this and more is in the calendar of encroaching poverty, the world over! The Highlands were only moving on the stream of a well-known experience. But it is not perhaps a well-known experience to find on the stream such lads as Frith Highland, nor perhaps such mothers as Cynthia Highland. Riches secure social alliances, poverty indissoluble family compacts; one renders the path of youth easy, the other burdens young hearts; but it also makes heroes—if a good woman is behind it.

While Frith Highland is concerned with the “sunder” palpitating before him, Cynthia Highland in her most humble home is hearkening to the heavy breathing

of her husband as he dozes in a chair by the stove, wrapped about with the well-worn comfort of a great-coat. Her foot is on the rocker of a cradle, and her fingers are mending much-mended garments. On a sofa are two children, wrapped about to keep them warm. One other sharer of this poverty is at school, where he will have warmth at least. The man's hair is gray, the woman's countenance is worn. She bends to the little face in the cradle, and, as if contemplating some sorrowful possibility, shakes her head with swimming eyes—and yet her lips are smiling. There is a step without on the frosty sidewalk. The gate creaks open. The mother's face is lifted fearfully. She looks anxiously toward her husband. He still sleeps. There is a knock. She rises and goes into the hall. When she comes back, the awakened man says to her: "Who was it, Cynthia?"

She hesitates and then replies as cheerfully as she can: "It was Jackson, for the rent, Moray."

His lips trembled. "Jackson—for the rent," he repeated. Then, after a slight pause: "You couldn't give it to him, Cynthia?"

"I promised to pay him something on it to-morrow. Frith gets his wages to-night."

The man nodded, and then, drawing himself up with a somewhat ostentatious assumption of pride, said:

"Did Jackson speak harshly or insolently to you—to my wife, Cynthia?"

"Never mind, Moray. We are at his mercy, and he might have been more—unsatisfactory."

"But I will not have you spoken to harshly. I will—"

She put her hand on his shoulder. "Moray," she earnestly said, "you must leave all these things to me. You could do nothing to prevent the harshness of being turned into the streets, if Jackson were so minded. So, for the children's sake, I must insist that, if he comes to-morrow, you will say no word at all but what is pleasant."



"In her most humble home."

The reply was slightly peevish: "I am of no account. I am nobody now."

She sighed heavily and moved away to her work again. He continued:

"Cynthia, is there no one you can write to at home—in Scotland? No one that would help us?"

"Moray, there is no one. They are all dead. Cousin John came to America; but that was long ago, and he may be dead too. No, we are alone in the world now. Riches, friends, all are gone!" Then, with a sudden shutting of the hands: "Moray, we must do the best we can as things are. And I will—I will, God help me—keep the children together!"

Her eyes were bent down that avenue of the future whose vista of trial and suffering was unknown and dreaded for the children's sake. The man had roused himself for a moment from his physical and mental lethargy, and looked at her now from out his hollow eyes, steadily, fondly. The past came back—the cultured, happy, comfortable past. A suffusing thought filled his eyes; and as he tremblingly placed his fingers on his pulse, he said to himself: "It would be better so. I only cumber the ground." Then there crept up through the dry dust of his mind one of those many haunting verses which in other days he was wont to commit to memory from the words of Malchi the Seer:

"O good Sir Knight, dost thou hear the tick
Of the death-watch in the wood?
And know'st thou not that my soul is sick,
That my slow heart shuns its blood?
I recked not ever the Paynim sword,
Nor beast of the wild champaign;
But I fear the thrust of an evil word
And the pulse of a nameless pain;
The spectral face by my bed and board—
A corpse where my child hath lain."

And, half unconsciously murmuring the lines over and over to himself, he dropped back again into the haze from whence he had roused himself, the candle



"He backed Pierson down upon a telegraph-pole."

of life burning feebly, and he willing, most willing, that it should be so.

The mother was thinking of her son, and—though it cut her to the still proud soul that it must be so—of the wages that he would bring home. The thought of these wages had sent Frith Highland to the office this morning with a lighter heart than his circumstances and condition might seem to warrant. But it did not quite do away with the headache with which he had awaked in the morning, with which he had gone to sleep at night. How did this headache come to him? How does it come to much-worked bankers in the city? To commercial men with pressure of business and financial troubles? To students of the university who are fighting for honors? To overwrought switchmen and engineers? This lad had only had bread to eat, and scant at that, for days; yet he had been making levies upon his

brain that would try the strength of a stalwart and experienced man. He did not let his mother know how tired he felt. He was afraid to tell his slave-driver—that is, his master; and so, to the many calls for "M.O." which was the telegraphic abbreviation for Malcolm, he constantly responded. He sent messages to twenty places along the line; but his chief business was with New York. Malcolm was a central and distributing point for the grain-merchants. It was near the American border, and this year the price of barley was fluctuating hourly, causing the making and losing of fortunes. Thousands of dollars were being turned over hourly by telegraph. Men hurried into the office of the Canadian Telegraph Company, sent messages, and waited for replies that caused them to laugh feverishly or to contract their brows painfully. The office was always full. The morning wore on to noon. Still the boy's fingers were busy, still the sounder ticked fortunes in and out. A dot might be a lightning-flash of promise, a dash the thunderbolt of despair. The boy never wavered. He showed no sign of personal interest. He was the assistant recording each movement of the surgeon; not the surgeon, or spectator, or friend of the patient. To-day, even when not sending or taking messages himself, every click the sounder made was registered on his brain. His headache was gone, and his mind was almost painfully alert, like that of one who is held in the nerve-destroying clasp of insomnia. Through every other sound, through the strident voices of men and creaking of doors and scratching of pens and clatter of sleigh-bells, the sounder clicked like a needle of adamant on his brain. Yes, that was it. His brain seemed hard and metallic, and the electric hammer was falling upon it in endless iteration. The centripetal forces of the town eddied round him, but stocks and quotations fell as accurately from his ear upon paper as the mechanical certainty of the multiplication-table.

About one o'clock, when there was a break in the coming and going, two men

entered the office, talking earnestly. At least, one of them was talking; and the other, massive and self-contained, was listening. Frith Highland did not hear them. He was eating his frugal lunch. His face was turned to the sounder. It did not concern him that the talking man said: "Of course I'm glad you have come, Mr. Haggart. We are dealing heavily, and the responsibility is pretty stiff. After to-day, it won't make so much difference. This is the big deal." The tone was slightly anxious; the man was perceptibly nervous. Mr. Haggart had nerves like stone. "Big deals" did not disturb him in the least. His eyes were on the lad at the telegraph-table. He merely said, with a faintly apparent Scotch accent: "Well, Pierson, it wasn't absolutely necessary that I should be here. You've been doing well enough. But don't chew the bit all over your mouth, man. Keep steady. Now that I'm here, I shall flutter the dove-cotes. Buy at a dollar-and-ten until I give the word for less or more. Telegraph now to Shipton to keep us informed up to the last moment. They'll watch us here. We can hold things quiet enough, I fancy, until about five or six o'clock. Then come with a rush, if need be. Where's the telegraph operator, Pierson?"

Pierson, who was writing, said: "Over there at the key."

"That little beggar eating?"

"Yes, sir. Pretty bright boy. Does all the telegraphing."

"He does, eh?" muttered Mr. Haggart. Then after a moment: "Does it on bread and pickles, so help me heaven!"

It was so. Hashed pickles was the lad's relish with his bread to-day.

Mr. Haggart watched Frith Highland closely as he took the telegram, checked it, went to the key and called up Toronto; watched him until the message was sent, till he had got "O.K." for it, and turned again to his meal, which he did not eat voraciously. Then Mr. Haggart went out, and on the sidewalk said to his companion: "Pierson, what do you think of that boy?"

"Why, Mr. Haggart, we all think he's smart."

"Smart? Before God, sir, the lad's a genius. He's a little gentleman, too, Pierson; a regular thoroughbred, or he couldn't do it. But did you ever see a two-year-old win a big race and die of overstrain? Ever watch an athlete break up from too much training? No, of course not; you've lived all your life in Malcolm. Well, we don't train thoroughbreds on bread and pickles. Pierson, that boy wants putting out to pasture, and boots and clothes."

Pierson nodded and said: "Father come down in the world—health gone—mother and the boy keep things together—next door to the workhouse, I guess. Do you think, Mr. Haggart, that we might venture to advance on the dollar-and-ten if—"

Mr. Haggart interrupted: "What is the name of the boy's employer, the agent of the C. T. Co.?"

"James Lauder, sir. He can't work the wires himself."

"Oh!" It was a portentous "oh."
"Where does the youngster get his meals?"

"I guess he just carries them in his pocket. That's easy enough, for all he has to carry."

Mr. Haggart turned and laughed down on his companion; such a laugh, that it brought a nervous grin to the face of the other. Then Mr. Haggart's action seemed quite unaccountable. He backed Pierson down upon a telegraph-pole, and held him pinioned there with his forefinger so tight that his victim felt impaled.

"What miserable little souls you fellows have, Pierson! And I suppose you pray the roof off your chapel at 'protracted efforts,' and go to camp-meeting, and belong to the Y.M.C.A., and lay up treasures on earth, and beget children before the Lord. Why, you—you—" here the forefinger became exceedingly uncomfortable—"you wouldn't have brains enough to calculate ten per cent. interest on an overdraft if you fed on bread and pickles for a week."

Then Mr. Haggart suddenly freed his

half-frightened agent and said: "Pierson, I'm going to stir this town up. I'm going to excite it. I'll show you how to buy and sell on margin—and otherwise. They'll follow me?"

"Sure to, sir."

"I'll make 'em dance, then. You know where to find me. Keep things moving quietly— By the way, Pierson, where are you going to have lunch?"

"Oh, I'll not have anything regular, Mr. Haggart—only some sandwiches and a bottle of beer."

Pierson could not understand why Mr. Haggart laughed that unpleasant laugh again, and then with a shrug of the shoulders walked away.

Three hours passed. During that time, Malcolm had followed the lead of Mr. Haggart very faithfully. By four o'clock, enough money was at stake to bankrupt the place or double its bank-account. And the telegraphic instrument clicked on. The boy had ceased to see the faces of men about him,



"You have always done your duty, Frith?"

except as one beholds them in visions. All things were indistinct, save that sounder. He no longer saw the meaning of messages. They were bare words. He was dealing only with ciphers, with forms. But his brain was clear, marvelously clear, in recording the tap of the telegraphic needle. He was no longer cold, however white he looked. It was strange, also, to see that he smiled—not a mirthful smile, but such a patient thing as one finds on the face of a blind man.

has had no time for a meal to-day. And I propose that he have one now; I propose that we leave this office clear for twenty minutes and give him a chance to eat." He then called Frith Highland and handed to him what he carried. At the same moment, two men pushed up to pass in telegrams. Mr. Haggart thrust out his hand angrily. "Don't be brutes," he said; "give the fellow a chance. By heaven, you shall! You fools, don't make me angry! Come;



"Oh, John! Cousin John Haggart, is it you?"

Did you ever notice how a blind man smiles into his ever-present night? So do they who see, and yet see not—they who have strained the nerves of life until they comprehend the world fully no longer, but only in half-lights, and watch it slipping from them dimly until all is dimmed!

Five o'clock! Six o'clock! The office is full. Mr. Haggart enters, carrying something. Beside the boy lies a bit of dry bread. Mr. Haggart turns to those about him and says: "This boy

we go out of this place, you understand, for twenty minutes."

Frith Highland mechanically took the basket handed to him. He looked at the men as if he had no interest in the occurrence. How could he? You have heard of people being absorbed completely by their theme; of men in opium dreams; of the lone apostle on the house-top; of pale-cheeked martyrs smiling to a sword? Even so. This boy is numb with having endured. He has no hunger. But his brain is

mercilessly alive. The pupils of his eyes are dilated as if he had taken belladonna. When he is left alone, he sinks into a kind of dream. He sees the vague outlines of a rainbow; a cloud of dust; a gleam of morning sun; the light flashing through a waterfall that rolls over his head. He hears the sound of an ocean as it washes through a blow-hole in a cliff and retreats again. It is all pleasant enough; for a spray of ether has fallen on his nerves, deadening all pain or ache. Yet, as one feels under ether the numb painless circle the knife makes, so his brain, growing colder, receives the hammer of the telegraphic instrument, as it were on marble flesh.

At length, he opens the basket. He smiles. He takes the tiniest bit of chicken, the smallest piece of potato, and, with an effort, eats them. Then he wraps the food in a parcel and says: "Father and the children will be glad of it."

"And the children!" Look down, you generations of dead-and-gone warriors, prophets, apostles, martyrs! How yearned your hearts over the world more than this child over those whom he called "children"? At nine years of age, his childhood was undone. He was disillusionized. He grasped the hard facts of life; he entered upon the path of sacrifice and grew suddenly old. He knew when flour was low, when rent was due. He learned all the secrets of domestic economy, and, before all, he learned the secret of life—self-abnegation. In the face of the world, he was respectful, self-reliant, serving as it was required of him, cheerfully, buoyantly, but thinking of a burdened mother and helpless "children" all the time. Malchi the Seer has written of one such:

"I've danced your spirits to mickle height,
I've caroled your mirk away;
And your banquet-board is a braver sight
For my sportive deeds this day;
But now, I pray you, a henchman call,
And give to me food and wine;
You've many a feast for your mothers all,
I've never a one for mine;
She faints and dies by the castle wall,
Betwixt the shadow and shine."

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Again the office is full.

"You have eaten the dinner?" said Mr. Haggart.

"I have eaten some chicken, sir."

The man looked intently at the boy for a minute, and then said something under his breath—something which sounded like the breach of a Commandment. Then the tide of speculation swelled again. The people were seized by it. They watched Mr. Haggart. Upon him depended their fortunes—at least, they thought so. The boy's face became wan, and a thin perspiration stood on his forehead; but he did not falter. Seven o'clock came; seven-thirty, seven-forty-five. The office is to close at eight. Men are waiting to send telegrams, but other offices are using the wires. Frith Highland stands with his fingers on the key, his eyes on the sounder. It ceases at last. He opens his key to begin, but someone else has done the same. In the swift struggle to be heard, he loses. Mr. Haggart is waiting too. He has sent a message to his agent in New York to hold himself ready to "unload" at any moment, and has asked for the last symptoms of the market. No reply has come. He watches Frith Highland. He sees the paleness of the lad's face. Will that reply never come?

It is seven-fifty. Frith Highland's fingers are on the key, but he cannot tell where the rest of him is. He has no feeling anywhere else, but he can hear that telegraphic hammer clicking on his metal brain. He laughs at that thought. His head seems all at once to grow immense; his senses are swimming in a sea of—what is that sea? Now it is green like the verdigris on the acid-eaten copper of the battery under the counter; now it is red like the flashes of fire that start from the registering needle in a thunderstorm; now it is black like ink—yes, that is it!—black, blinding, drowning! It was then he swayed and fell backward to the floor.

It was Mr. Haggart's arms that raised him, that poured some brandy down his throat; Mr. Haggart it was who said to his master, James Lauder: "You're a

Christian, aren't you? You've worked and starved the boy to this!"

But James Lauder replied: "Business is business. I've nothing to do with how he lives. If he cannot stand the work, he'll have to go. I'll send for another operator. This is the last day of his month, anyway."

"Oh! he'll have to go, eh?" And there accompanied the words such an evident desire to slay as would have satisfied the giant of a fairy-tale or Balaam as he sat upon the oracular ass.

The boy opened his eyes. "Did I—drown?" he said. "I felt drowning, drowning, and then I heard mother call and—hush!" His eyes were lifted to the sounder, and he leaned forward, listening intently. He put his hands to his head bewilderedly. He looked confusedly at the faces about him. The sounder stopped. He raised his finger toward it suddenly and said: "Yes, yes; that was it, sir. A message from New York to Toronto, passing along the wire: Danger ahead for barley; sell at once."

Every ear and eye was strained toward the boy. Men were nervously murmuring. Mr. Haggart said in a low voice: "Who signed?"

"The signature was 'Blacader,' sir."

Mr. Haggart rose and turned to the excited faces about him. "We are in danger. We've only five minutes. It's now seven-fifty-five, and no operator!" He pointed to the boy. But Frith Highland, steadying himself, said: "I can send your message if the wires are clear."

Mr. Haggart wrote hurriedly on a telegraphic form and handed it to the other men present. "Sign: my agent will unload for all!" he said. They read and did so. He handed it to the boy. The sounder began as Frith Highland's fingers touched the key. Someone else was trying for use of the wires. But Highland conquered, and called up Toronto. Twice he was interrupted, and then at seven-fifty-seven he got an acknowledgment. He sent the message and received "O.K." for it from both Toronto and New York as the clock

struck eight. He turned to Mr. Haggart. "It's all right, sir," he said.

Every man left the office hurriedly in his joy. Mr. Haggart said to the boy: "You are a brick, youngster. Wait here till I come back." Then he too disappeared.

James Lauder, alone with the lad, said: "They think you can't do this work, Highland. They're right. Here's your month's wages. I shall send to Toronto for another operator to-night. You needn't come after to-morrow."

The lad's face was set in its blanched wistfulness. He said breathlessly: "I needn't come? Am—I dismissed, sir?"

"Yes, I suppose that's the English of it. Fact is, I'm not going to be bullied about you. And you're not strong enough for the work, anyway."

"Oh, Mr. Lauder, I am strong enough. I've never given in before, and I've never made a mistake. It'll kill mother, sir, if I have to go."

"Now, there's no use talking about it. I've made up my mind, and you can't turn me by sniveling, neither you nor your mother!"

The lad's eyes now lighted up defiantly. "No, sir, I do not snivel! And you're a coward, to speak of my mother so. You can't say that I haven't done my duty. You can't deny me a recommendation, and—and I'll live to make you sorry."

He turned to the telegraphic instrument, and looked at it as one would look at the face of a friend never to be seen again in this world. He took up the parcel of food, and, forgetting under this blow that Mr. Haggart had asked him to remain where he was, passed into the cold night and walked with stumbling steps through the falling snow to his home. Once a sob rattled in his throat; only once. Outside the house, he paused. He leaned against the door, his head on his arm for a moment. Then he went in unsteadily. The father still sat beside the fire. The mother came forward to him in the dimly lighted room and kissed him. But, as she did so, she started, and, taking him gently by the

shoulders, said whisperingly but anxiously: "Frith, Frith, dear, what is the matter?"

He put the parcel on the table. "That's something to eat, mother. And here's the wages, dear. And, mother, I'm dismissed."

The woman, with a moan, sank helplessly into a chair. The boy, with pale cheeks and piteous eyes, leaned against the table. She saw how ill and hurt he looked, and she rose and put her hands on his shoulders again. "You have always done your duty, Frith?" He nodded, but did not speak. "Why did he dismiss you?"

"Because I fainted. He said I wasn't able to do the work. But I had never made a mistake or been ill before—never! My head felt so strange and I couldn't stand it any longer. I tried ever so hard. Oh, mother, I'm so sorry, and it hurts so here!" He put his hand on his heart.

The mother folded him about with her arms. "My good brave boy!" she said, and kissed his forehead; "lie down, dear, until I make you a piece of toast. We mustn't tell father to-night." But at that moment they heard a deep sigh, which told them that the father was awake.

"You heard, Moray?" the wife said.

"Yes, Cynthia, I heard. Frith, my son, come here." Out of the dark places beneath the brows, two dimmed eyes looked forth gravely upon the boy. "My son, God will provide. It is written in the pages where truth is: 'I was young and now am I old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread.' God bless you, my son!"

Then the mother said: "Come, dear, and eat."

But the boy replied: "No, mother, I cannot eat. I'm only thirsty." He came to the table and sat down, his head between his hands. She poured him a cup of tea. He drank it. She poured another. He drank it too, and still another. She pressed upon him some of the food he had brought home, but he shook his head and said: "No, mother,

I couldn't. Besides, it's for father and the children."

She gave some to her husband; but he ate sparingly. He too was thinking of the children in the room adjoining, who had been put to bed dressed that they should not be cold.

The mother's heart was sick. What could she do? What resource was there left? Her husband dying, her children hungry and to be cared for. She was having her dark hour. She saw the worst, even to the cold grave of charity. And she and her boy were so willing to work, to slave out their lives that they should not be divided! Again and again her eyes filled as she looked at her son, with his head bowed on his arms and sitting so still. She knew well, too, that Moray Highland was dying as much from sorrow as from sickness. As Malchi said in "Songs of the Sometime Rejected":

"Fever and hand of God," they said;

(Ready a pauper's grave!)

Mumble the ritual over the dead,

(Only an alley slave!)

Winter and summer the endless chain

(Crowded the labor mart!)

Close! A word for your thinking brain!—

(Died of a broken heart!)

The boy at last raised his head and said: "Mother, will it ever stop? The sounder keeps clicking all the time. Every message that passed over the wires to-day is pounding in my head. I've never felt like this before."

Before the mother could reply, there was a knock at the door. Who could it be? To the poor, and those whom debt rules, every knock has something of terror. The boy rose to answer the knock, but staggered as he did so. His mother pushed him back into his seat: "No, Frith, I will go." He kissed her arm impulsively. With a throbbing heart, she went into the hall. A moment after, Mr. Haggart entered the room. He walked over and laid his hand on Frith's shoulder. Then he said to the mother, but without looking at her: "That man Lauder tells me he has discharged this boy. Well, that's

right." He paused. The boy shivered, but his eyes were raised fearlessly to the man's face. "I never made a mistake," he said; "there was no cause."

"God's love!" the man rejoined, "you little gentleman! You've saved half this town from ruin! I wish you were a boy of mine! Hello! What's this? Of course, of course, madam. What-else could be expected?"

The boy had fainted again, and the man's strong arms laid him on the sofa. The mother was beside him in an instant. Mr. Haggart caught up the lamp and brought it near Frith's face. The features of the woman were in the full light. There was a sound of startled joy from her, of surprise from him, and then she said, with sobbing voice: "Oh, John! Cousin John Haggart, is it—is it you?"

It was so. The playmates and companions of early life meet again in this house of suffering and poverty, after twenty years. The man had left his Scotch home for America, and, never returning, had not known what had befallen the comrade of his childhood. And here, over the stricken lad, they clasp hands again—the prosperous man and the wan-faced woman.

They bring Frith Highland back to consciousness, but not to strength. There is a great fight to be fought yet. The young cavalier must ride a tilt with death. But there is a good genius to lift and toss away forever the load of poverty and its lingering penance; there is a good God to verify Moray Highland's words as his wife's cousin took his feeble hand in a strong clasp: "In the midst of the storm, I heard a voice that led me into safety."

All night, a physician sat at the bedside of the boy; all night, John Haggart sat there too, for a warning voice had whispered of possible brain-fever and the sad consequences. Opiates had been given, and yet the sleep was perilously fitful. In his half-consciousness, the sufferer said such things that burly John Haggart turned his head aside more than once to furtively wipe away a tear: "If the sounder would only be still! Why doesn't it say 'O.K.' and stop?"

Once he said to John Haggart: "I'm glad I heard that message, even if I am dismissed."

The man laid his great palm on the white fingers of the boy and said: "Frith Highland, you've got another situation from which you'll never be dismissed, please heaven!"

"What wages will I get? It takes a lot to keep the house in winter, and pay the rent too."

"Plenty for both, Frith, boy. Only try to sleep, and get well and strong again."

"It's very kind of you, sir."

"Don't call me 'sir.' We're cousins, Frith. Call me John. We'll be good friends by and by—if you'll go to sleep."

The reply was grave and earnest: "I'll try, John. You can put a piece of paper under the sounder in the office, to stop the clicking; but you can't when it's in your head."

They hid the danger from the mother and bade her take her rest. More opiates were given, and, in the devitalizing time just before the dawn, the crisis came—sleep or brain-fever.

Before Frith's eyes, there floated countless faces. In his ears, there were innumerable voices, and thus some of the voices spoke: "M.O.! M.O.! M.O.! What's the matter with M.O.?" "M.O.! M.O.! M.O.! Why doesn't M.O. come to the key?" "M.O.! M.O.! M.O.! The wires are down at M.O.!" "M.O.! M.O.! M.O.! Put on the ground-wire at M.O.!" "M.O.! M.O.! M.O.! Report M.O. to head office." "M.O.! M.O.!" But, among the faces that went mistily, jeeringly, reproachfully by, there appeared one gentle and tender, and about it were other little faces—the faces of children; and a voice in clear restful tones said: "M.O.! M.O.! M.O.! Head office says 'All O.K.!' Come home! Come home! M.O.!" And then there appeared two other faces behind these: one was that of a gray-haired man with grave deep-set eyes, and the other beside it was that of "John." And the wavering senses, hazily floating away to the

languor of rest, felt the innumerable voices pass and the sounder grow fainter and fainter. And "M.O. ! M.O. !" dissolved into—

The boy was asleep.

The morning sun shone wantonly on the window. The noonday radiance melted the snow. A vagrant swallow flew back from the south and twittered in the eaves. The house was filled with plenty. The mayor came, and the councilors came, and those came that yesterday filled the place where the lad labored, and, after the manner of those who praise when their praise is not needed, they said that he was a clever and brave lad, and that the world should go well with

such a one—that he must live and be great.

And it was well with the family of Moray Highland; though, before many moons had waxed and waned, the father, thanking God that the shadow of a great rock in a weary land was raised for those he loved, passed the inswinging portals from which his son had been drawn back.

But the boy lived and prospered in the world. The praise of men was given to him; and, as John Haggart predicted, he did nothing before the face of heaven but that which justifies his biographer calling him Frith Highland, gentleman.

THE POET'S PEN.

BY JOSEPHINE M. S. CARTER.

WITH a dreamy and abstracted air,
The poet sits in his study-chair;
In his slender hand, his old quill pen
Writes out the songs of his heart for men.

That old quill pen for many a day
Has written the song of passion's sway,
When hearts were young, and the pulse beat high,
And hope looked out of the beaming eye.

Has written of stolen kisses sweet,
Of tender glances when two hands meet;
Of the blush that dyed the maiden's cheek,
And her downcast eyes, so brown and meek.

And songs of war so brave and true,
With sweet refrains for our dear dead too;
But its work is done, and with a sigh
The poet now lays the old pen by.

While another comes to take its place:
A brand-new pen with a cheery face,
That writes the same sweet story of love
That's as old, as old as heav'n above.

It pens brave songs for truth and right,
Or cheering hymns for sorrow's night,
And lullabies for the babe at rest,
Asleep on its mother's gentle breast.

AUNT THERESA.

BY MRS. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.



WHO confirmed old bachelors. Such would have been the verdict of those who knew Carl Rotteck and myself, if anyone had been sufficiently interested to inquire about us; and we, no doubt, would have acknowledged the verdict as correct. We had health, means, and the happy faculty to enjoy both; why, then, should we endanger our present contentment by wishing for some only possible joys?

But let no one praise the morning before the evening. Carl Rotteck found his fate suddenly and when least expected. Almost before he was himself aware of it, he had fallen in love with pretty Elise Berthold, had married her, and was established in his handsome country-residence near the village of Uhlbach—a happy and contented husband, while I found myself left shamefully out in the cold.

My righteous indignation, however, soon evaporated under the sweet smiles of charming Mrs. Rotteck, and, at the sight of my friend's undisguised happiness, I surrendered and magnanimously forgave; and when in due time the news reached me that a young scion of the house of Rotteck had arrived, and moreover that the youngster was to bear my name, I hastened to Uhlbach, provided with the traditional silver cup, and, with new-felt dignity, held over the font of baptism the young and lustily screaming future Alexander Steinmetz.

After this novel episode in my life, I again took to traveling, and had pursued this so greatly extolled pleasure for about a year, when chance brought me to Wildbad, right in the heart of the Black Forest. The wild romantic beauty of the place pleased me, and I resolved to remain until its attractions should cease to charm me.

It was in August, and the season was at its height. Wildbad swarmed with dignitaries who had come from all coun-

tries to use its healing waters, and the presence of some crowned heads with their brilliant suites lent special splendor to the place.

The day was hot, and many of the guests sought relief from the heat in the shadows of the pine-forest that covers hills and mountains near and far. The numberless paths that wind through its depths were crowded with promenaders, while others sat under the huge branches of the pines, whose delicious fragrance they gratefully inhaled.

I too was stretched full length under one of these giants of the forest, listening in drowsy contentment to some delicious music whose strains came floating up to me from the gardens below. With half-shut eyes, almost asleep, I lay, when suddenly I felt that someone had come near me. I closed my eyes and waited. For a while, all was still. Then I heard whisperings and suppressed laughter. I kept immovable. Presently a voice said, with suppressed remonstrance:

"Come, child, don't linger. He will awake."

"No fear," a childish voice replied, softly; "don't you see, Aunt Theresa, that he is fast asleep? No sleeping beauty, however," and again I heard the ripple of suppressed laughter. "Let me just lay this flower upon his breast, aunt," and I felt something softly fall upon my breast. Then a slight struggle, and presently steps carefully retreating.

I waited. All now was quiet, and I slowly opened my eyes. No one near or far. I raised myself, and a beautiful rose fell upon the moss on which I was reposing. I picked it up and fastened it in my buttonhole, then rose and slowly descended into town.

It is needless to say that I scanned narrowly every woman's face I met that evening in the Cursaal, or for days after, at my morning walks in the gardens, or at the fountain, which, religiously visited

daily by every Cur-guest, promised me, more than any other place, the opportunity of finding the faces I grew daily more anxious to discover.

The Theresa of my fancy was middle-aged, plump perhaps, and with a kindly face; or tall and thin of figure, and with a visage stern and lean. My chief hopes, however, were built upon the child. She, with childish impulsiveness, would certainly, on seeing me, give some sign of recognition.

Days passed, but no kindly featured Aunt Theresa relieved me of my feeling of curiosity, nor did I see any little maiden's face flash with surprise on beholding me.

The rose still hung from my button-hole, a dismal-looking trophy brought from the field of battle; a rose no longer—a dry brown stem, a few curled-up discolored leaves, were all that was left of the flower so charmingly presented only a few days ago.

Again I was resting in the forest. My eyes were gazing with a sort of dreamy fascination upon the withered remains of a child's folly, still fastened to my coat, when I heard steps approaching, and presently a youthful voice exclaimed:

"Here he lies again, aunt!"

At once I closed my eyes in feigned slumber.

"Pass softly," the other said, warningly; "no tricks this time."

"See—he has some of my flower in his coat, and I will take it."

"Eleonora!" cried Aunt Theresa, almost aloud, forgetting caution in her fear of detection. Too late, however; the little fingers had closed over the stem, and at the same time I had opened my eyes and encircled with my hand the slender wrist of the youthful thief, who, with a cry of dismay, tried to escape.

After a vain struggle to free herself from my grasp, she broke into merry laughter and ceased struggling.

"I am sorry this should have happened. My niece is such a madcap, and I can't control her."

My eyes had never left the face of the little delinquent, so much was I interested in our little conflict; but, when I heard

these words and the voice so melodious, I turned and—good heavens! was I dreaming?

I was on my feet in an instant, and, almost bewildered, looked at Aunt Theresa. What transformation! Where was the Aunt Theresa of my fancy—middle-aged and kindly featured, or stern-looking and lean of body? Saint Theresa, rather, as she now stood before me, of a loveliness beyond description.

I made some answer, but what it was I could not tell. Probably something very vague, for a smile, at once suppressed, flitted over her face and lingered for a moment in her lovely eyes before she said:

"Oh, if you forgive her, I have no more to say; and we must not disturb you longer. Come, Eleonora," and, taking the child's hand, she bowed and turned to continue her promenade; while I stood, still bewildered, watching them until they had disappeared from my sight.

After this encounter, I saw them frequently: sometimes on the promenade, amongst a crowd of others, when we recognized each other by a friendly salute; and sometimes, later on, in the gardens, when we stopped, politely inquiring about each other's health.

Eleonora, who always accompanied her aunt, occasionally made use of a child's privilege, shook hands with me, and laughingly called me her "sleeping beauty."

Twice we had encountered each other in the forest, and there, for a short time, had conversed pleasantly. From these encounters, I returned home vaguely and dreamily happy.

Thus blissfully content, I daily discovered in Wildbad and its environs new beauty, and I praised my good fortune which had guided me to a place so variously attractive.

One morning, having gone to the fountain for my daily morning draught and in the hope of meeting my new friends, I was surprised on seeing only Eleonora, accompanied by a servant.

"We are going!" she cried, as soon as she saw me, "and by the next train."

A pang of pain shot through my heart on hearing this unexpected news, and almost unconsciously I took the small hand she held out to me, and, without a word, shook it in a last farewell.

Stunned, I stood for some time after the child had left me, at the foot of the marble steps that lead down to the fountain. Unconsciously I watched the crystalline water as it fell murmuringly into the marble basin, bubbling in its colorless beauty.

"What," I thought, "if I should miss seeing her before she leaves Wildbad? If I should never know who she is, nor where again to find her?"

Tortured by these thoughts, I at last roused myself, and, with trembling haste, sped to the depot from which the train was to start.

But fate was against me. The crowd there was great, and, though I saw her from a distance, surrounded by her friends, I was unable to get near enough even to make my presence known before the train began to move.

A wretched feeling of loneliness stole over me, as, angry with myself, resentful toward the whole world, I turned and left the place.

Weeks had passed, and still I was at Wildbad. Why I remained, I could not have told, for, since her departure, the place had lost for me all attraction and I was miserably unhappy; therefore I hailed with joy a letter from Carl Rotteck, containing a pressing invitation to his house.

My reception at Uhlbach was warm and heartfelt.

"I was afraid," my hostess said, after the first greetings were over, "that you might not come. I should have been terribly disappointed."

"My little wife held on fast to your room," joined in her husband; "none, she declared, should have it until we were quite sure you would not come; and that was no easy matter, either, considering the circumstances, for all our friends expected invitations from us."

"But is there some special reason?" I asked, surprised at my friend's lengthy address.

"Oh, come now, Alex," he replied, "you must have heard; if not read, all about the approaching marriage of Prince Paul?"

"And that the princess has expressed a wish to have it celebrated here at Uhlbach, in our little church," completed Mrs. Rotteck, in a voice at once reproachful and disappointed at either my ignorance or my indifference.

"I have read about this approaching event," I confessed, trying to throw as much enthusiasm into my voice as was possible for me to do in a matter in which I was only mildly interested. I had lived away from my country much, and the doings of our little courts did not excite me greatly.

"And Uhlbach owes all this to our own sweet princess," continued Mrs. Rotteck, with pardonable pride. "She has always shown great partiality to our little village, spent several months every year amongst us, and is the particular patroness of our little church."

"Yes," assented my friend, laughingly; "only for the lovely Meiningen, this honor would never have befallen our small place."

I listened, greatly amused. My political opinions always were rather democratic, and I never had succeeded in looking upon royalty as something so tremendously exalted and superior.

The next day brought a number of guests, and soon Carl Rotteck's spacious residence was filled; and, amidst the general excitement, I too became roused, and awaited with interest the coming event.

The wedding-day of the noble pair broke gloriously bright over the village so greatly favored, and old and young rejoiced thereat. The best seats were reserved for Carl Rotteck's guests, and I was stationed right in a front pew, where I had an excellent view over the whole.

There was a great hush of expectancy; then the village organ, like all village organs, began to squeal forth its discordant wail, and then the wedding-train entered, gorgeous in its brilliant array of uniforms and wedding-garments. The village children, in proud array, stood

impatiently waiting to throw at the feet of their beloved patroness their brilliant nosegays of marigold and rosemary, as soon as she should enter.

"Here she comes!" I presently heard them cry. "Ah, how beautiful!"

I looked, and my heart gave a big thump, then seemed to cease beating. I felt as if an icy hand encircled and pressed it tightly, slowly, until it was dead and cold.

"Who is that?" I managed to whisper to my neighbor.

A pitying look, and then he said:

"That is Theresa Augusta Louisa, Princess von Meiningen."

But I heard only the first name. It suddenly grew dim before my eyes, and I felt dizzy. I put my hand before my face to shade it from observation, and slowly sank back into my seat. Oh, the anguish of those moments!

Presently there was a stir, and I knew that all was over. The people began to move and rise, and I rose with them. Almost blindly I reached the open air. I hurried home without waiting for anyone, and locked myself in my room.

When at last I came forth to meet the

others, it was with a feeling of dread. I feared to hear comments upon a subject pleasing to everyone but myself.

A splitting headache was my excuse for my surprisingly long absence. With my godson on my lap, his head pressed tightly to my paining heart, I sat away from all the others, silently nursing my new grief.

After I had been left to myself for some time, Mrs. Rotteck came and sat beside me.

"Was she not beautiful?" she asked.

"I have seen her before, in Wildbad," I answered, in as steady a voice as I could.

"To be sure!" she exclaimed; "I remember now—they were all there, incognito. You never mentioned that you had seen her there."

"I did not know then who she was," I said, with difficulty keeping my voice from trembling.

It is now many years since all this has happened. I am a confirmed old bachelor and well on in years. I still travel, but every now and then I return to Uhlbach, where my friend's wife insists on my calling their house my home.

TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

BY WILLIAM COWAN.

I HAD a friend who lived for Truth,
Who sought it east, who sought it west,
In city streets and lonely haunts,
And died unprospered in the quest.

Another, who for Beauty lived,
For Beauty bartered all beside,
And in the evening of his days
For Beauty, as was fit, he died.

And many a time between them both
Contention on the point was long;
One Truth's brave knight in weal and woe,
The other Beauty's champion strong.

But when they crossed the flood of death,
The eternal all-revealing flame
Flash'd on their souls, and then knew they
That Truth and Beauty are the same!

CROSS CURRENTS.

BY MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

AUTHOR OF "A MIST OF ERROR," "HER INHERITANCE," "A SOCIAL SUCCESS," "KITTY'S VICTIM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISS TYRRELL had given it to be understood from the first that her wedding was to be a "quiet little affair"; she should allow her brother to give no party, she declared; but she hoped that all her friends would come and say good-bye to her. She had hoped this on two or three hundred printed cards of invitation, and, on the afternoon after the garden-party, the "quiet little affair" was lining with carriages the street in which the Tyrrells lived, crowding the drawing-room to the verge of suffocation, and filling the staircase with a confused mass of human beings struggling up to the drawing-room door, where "Lady Ellingham," in a wedding-dress which was to be a revelation of the beautiful to the conventional herd, was receiving her numerous friends.

Lady Ellingham's smile was sweetness itself; Lady Ellingham's affectionate cordiality to all comers was unvarying; but there was the faintest shadow of annoyance about her, nevertheless. To the heroine of an occasion, it is distinctly annoying to hear another woman's name incessantly on the lips of the crowd assembled to do honor to herself; to know that another woman is the centre of much talk and conjecture, when public attention should be by rights concentrated on the said heroine. And every one of Miss Tyrrell's guests was asking the same question in slightly varied forms. "Where is Miss Malet?" "What an extraordinary thing that Miss Malet is not here!" "Is it true that Miss Malet is not coming?" Selma was not there.

Lady Ellingham had given utterance over and over again, with the utmost suavity, to the explanation she had decided to offer, of what was to her quite as extraordinary and inexplicable a proceeding as any of her guests found it.

And when the question was put to her for about the fiftieth time, she was still smilingly regretful.

"I am sorry to say she is not well enough to be here," she said. "I had a little note from her this morning. Dear girl—I am so grieved."

Lady Ellingham did not think it for the public good that she should mention that the little note she had indeed received from Selma that morning had contained no information whatever as to the writer's health, but had said simply, in the fewest possible words, that she could not come to the wedding. Nor did she think it necessary to publish it abroad that the note in question had so astonished and disconcerted her that she had taken it straight to her brother in his study, and had watched his face curiously as he read it.

Tyrrell had glanced through it, and then sat silent for a moment, frowning thoughtfully.

"Better say she is ill," he had said, finally, giving the note back to his sister and returning to his work; and Miss Tyrrell had discreetly retired, burning with mixed curiosity and indignation.

The "little affair" went off brilliantly, in spite of Miss Malet's absence. At about half-past four, it was hardly possible to move in the drawing-room, on the stairs, or in the tea-room; and Tyrrell, at the foot of the staircase, and desirous of putting in an appearance in his drawing-room above, was wondering how he was to do it, when he became aware of Julian Heriot standing against the wall, close to him.

"I'm afraid you're wedged in there," said Tyrrell, pleasantly. "How are you?"

"How are you?" returned the other, answering the conventional greeting with its equally conventional response. "Are you proposing to go up those stairs?"

glancing up at them with a slight smile as he spoke.

"Well, on the whole, I think not; not this minute, at least!" returned Tyrrell, laughing. "Have you been in this corner ever since you arrived, Heriot?"

It was a kind of tiny recess in the hall, into which Heriot had stepped back out of the crowd; and, as Tyrrell stood in front of him, letting the clatter of many tongues round them dominate his voice, they were inaudible to everyone but each other, and were practically alone in the midst of the crush about them. Heriot did not answer Tyrrell's question. There was a moment's pause between them, and then he said, looking straight before him at the crowded staircase, with no alteration of his usual expression:

"Miss Malet is not here to-day, they say!"

"No!" answered Tyrrell. "She has knocked herself up, I'm sorry to say."

"I made a fool of myself yesterday," pursued Heriot, in the same unmoved voice, drowned for all but Tyrrell by the noise of other voices. "I proposed to Miss Malet, and—she refused me, of course." He paused an instant, as though something in the crowd had caught his eye. Tyrrell, completely taken by surprise, waited in silence, eying him with eyes that had suddenly grown very hard and cold. "I don't argue from that very natural circumstance that there must inevitably be someone else," Heriot went on; "unless I misunderstood her altogether, she is not—engaged." He had spoken the last words very slowly and deliberately, and he paused and looked Tyrrell straight in the face as he finished. "Don't you think it is time she were?" he said, quietly.

The two men faced one another for a moment, and Tyrrell tried in vain to read the cynical impassive face before him. Then he said carelessly, taking the other's words intentionally in the simple sense in which he knew they were not meant:

"Perhaps! But she is younger than she looks, you know. Well, I suppose

I must try to get upstairs. See you again!"

He turned away, dismissing Heriot and his words from his mind until it should be convenient to him to reflect upon them.

He did not understand them, but the present was by no means the time for explanations. He had his duties as host to attend to, and he attended to them accordingly with the delightful manner which was one of his greatest social charms. Julian Heriot watched him for a little while moving to and fro in the crowd—he himself best knew how—and then he went away.

That same afternoon, Humphrey Cornish, oppressed with a sense that the day was coming when he must take his holiday, which he hated prospectively, and during which he reveled undemonstratively in country sights and sounds, had settled down to follow up a hard morning's work with two or three hours more of the same kind. He had been alone in the quiet studio for more than an hour, working with concentrated thoughtful face, so absorbed that he did not even look round when the door opened and shut again softly. He was vaguely conscious that Helen had come in and was sitting now with her needlework in her accustomed place at the other end of the room, as he had been vaguely conscious before of missing her presence; and he had no idea that half an hour had passed since her entrance when he said absently, without pausing in his work:

"How is she?"

Helen held her needle suspended in her hand, as she lifted her head to answer. She was quite accustomed to Humphrey's ways, and accepted them simply as part of the man she loved when she could not understand them.

"She says her head is better. She didn't open the door, and I hope she was lying down," she answered, softly. "The sun must have been too hot for her yesterday," she added, meditatively, and then there was silence again in the studio as Humphrey continued his work, and Helen bent her head over the little

soft white frock she was making for the little Helen. Another half-hour passed, and then the silence was broken a second time. There was a man's quick step on the stair, a step which caused Helen to lay down her work with a low exclamation of surprise, as Roger Cornish came into the room.

"Why, Roger!" said Helen, holding out her hand to him, while Humphrey was reconciling himself to the conviction that he was interrupted, "what a surprising time of day to see you!"

Roger was rather flushed, and he shook hands with Helen absently and awkwardly, making no apology, as he usually did, for interrupting his brother's work, when Humphrey collected his ideas with an effort and received him with a cordial "Hullo, Roger!" He seemed hardly to hear Helen's words; he replied to her question as to Mervyn's health vaguely and as though his thoughts were preoccupied, and after a few minutes he said abruptly:

"Helen, don't think me the roughest fellow you know if I ask Humphrey to come downstairs with me. I—I've got some business to talk to him about."

Helen rose, laughing at him pleasantly as she did so.

"Of course, Roger!" she answered. "But you shan't go downstairs. I'm going to see whether Selma is asleep." She left the room as she spoke, and Roger turned sharply to his brother.

"Is she ill?" he said, in a low quick tone.

"Selma?" answered Humphrey, looking at him. "No—only overtired. What's wrong, Roger? Sit down."

"I can't sit down," returned Roger, vehemently, turning and beginning to pace restlessly up and down the room. "I've come to you, because I've turned over everything, and I can't think of any other way. You're her brother, or the next thing to it, and the only man, I suppose, who has a right to interfere. Humphrey, do you know that she's—talked about?"

The last words came from him hurried and almost muffled, and there was that about them which no man could misun-

derstand. Humphrey moved suddenly, with a short sharp exclamation, and then there was a moment's dead silence. It was broken by Humphrey.

"Are you speaking of—Selma?" he said.

Roger had come to a sudden stop as he spoke his last words, and was standing facing his brother, his breath coming very quick and short, his face flushed darkly.

"Yes!" he said, hoarsely. "You know how I felt for her once, Humphrey. You know that she's nothing to me now but an ideal; but, by heaven, I'd give all I've got—except my wife—for your right to bring that fellow to book!"

The first moment of fierce indignation over, his brother's passion had the effect of bringing Humphrey to a quieter estimate of the case. Dreamer and recluse as he was by temperament, he had far more knowledge of the London world than Roger; and the idea, though it was no less intolerable, was less inconceivable to him than to his brother.

"Who is it?" he said, shortly and sternly.

Roger broke into a fierce harsh laugh.

"The man she looked upon as a kind of guardian," he said. "The man, of all others, who ought to have kept every breath of scandal from her name. Scandal, good heavens! and Selma! John Tyrrell!"

Then he told his brother, in short sharp sentences, of the words he had heard the night before at his club—the words which had been cut short and turned into a sullen apology by such a fierce outburst from himself as had reduced the whole roomful to silence.

"Perhaps I made the thing worse by making such a row," he finished, ruefully. "Everyone heard, and they'll talk more, confound them! If she should hear, Humphrey! Good heavens, if she should hear!"

There was no answer, and he turned and began to pace fiercely up and down the room again. Humphrey was sitting with a clenched hand resting on the arm of his chair, and a set roused expression

on his face. He was thinking of the headache which Helen had found so perplexing in her sister that day; and he was thinking that, if such shameful gossip had come to Selma's ears, a horse-whip would be a mild instrument with which to approach the man who had been so careless as to render such a catastrophe even remotely possible.

"What's to be done?" demanded Roger, abruptly, pulling up suddenly and facing his brother. Humphrey rose, and his voice, as he spoke, was very stern and resonant.

"I shall see Tyrrell to-night," he said; and Roger, who had wished from the bottom of his heart that it was he and not the unpractical Humphrey who stood to Selma in the place of a brother, was reassured by the expression of his brother's face.

Helen was somewhat surprised when she came back to the studio an hour later, thinking that any amount of business might have been discussed in that time, to find Humphrey alone, walking slowly up and down the room with a grave preoccupied face. She was a little surprised again, later in the evening, when he told her after dinner that he was going out.

He had determined to go to Tyrrell at the theatre—the only place where he could be sure of finding him—and he sent in a note, asking courteously, but in words which hardly allowed of a refusal, for a few minutes after the performance, and requesting Tyrrell to say nothing to his sister-in-law on the subject. He received in return an equally courteous reply, and accordingly, at a little before eleven o'clock, he was shown into the room where Tyrrell transacted his business, and left there with the information: "Mr. Tyrrell will be off in a minute, if you'll sit down, sir!"

Humphrey did not sit down, however. He stood on the hearth-rug with that instinct that leads a man to take up a position near the fire-place, whether the season is summer or winter, and contemplated the room with stern unseeing eyes. It was a comfortable-looking room, with

a curious indefinable similarity of character to Tyrrell's study in his own house, though it was very simply furnished. Everything in it was in the same perfect taste. The pictures, all connected in one way or another with Tyrrell's profession, were old and valuable engravings, the writing-table here was only larger than the table which gave the other room its character. But even the engravings did not attract Humphrey's attention, and he was standing very much in the position he had originally taken up, when, a few minutes later, Tyrrell came into the room.

"I hope you've not been waiting," he said, courteously. "We are a few minutes later than usual to-night. Won't you sit down?" Tyrrell was looking remarkably handsome; he was still wearing his stage dress, a dark picturesque costume, which suited him admirably and made him look ten years younger than he really was. He waited while Humphrey, with a quiet "Thanks!" took the chair he indicated, and then seated himself, saying with a smile, as he did so:

"I am sorry to say I have had no opportunity of transgressing your injunction as to not letting Miss Malet know of your being here, even if I had wished it. She has overtired herself, I am afraid. I have hardly spoken to her to-night until a few minutes ago. She has been looking so ill all the evening. I hope I shall find her better to-morrow."

"You are coming to see her to-morrow?" said Humphrey.

"She has just asked me to come up to your house to-morrow afternoon," returned Tyrrell, with another smile.

There was a moment's silence. Humphrey was thinking that, if Selma had heard of the gossip about, she would hardly have asked Tyrrell to come and see her; and it made his present business simpler in his eyes that it should be between himself and Tyrrell, two men, alone. Tyrrell, considering that quite enough had been said in the way of polite preliminary, was waiting for Humphrey to come to the point of the interview,

and his face was quietly attentive and business-like when Humphrey began sternly:

"It is as Miss Malet's brother that I am here to-night, and my business is not pleasant. I have to ask you, Mr. Tyrrell, whether you are aware of the reports abroad?"

Tyrrell's face changed slightly. He was surprised, but not, on the whole, displeased.

"Reports?" he said, easily. "London is a splendid hot-bed for reports. May I ask you to explain?"

Humphrey looked at him for a moment without speaking. With the words he had heard from Roger in his ears, there was something about the careless attitude and manner of the other, as he sat leaning slightly forward, that stirred his indignation to white heat.

"I will explain," he said, his voice ringing with the same strong feeling with which his usually quiet eyes were alight and glowing. And, in a few short unsparing sentences, he told Tyrrell what Roger had told him.

The words had hardly passed his lips before Tyrrell rose abruptly with a low fierce exclamation.

"Good heavens!" he said. "Good heavens, Cornish!"

Humphrey made no response. The spoken words and their effect upon Tyrrell had brought the situation into vivid relief in his mind, and his force was concentrated in rigid self-control. He sat quite motionless, with his clenched hand resting heavily on the table, his face set, and his lips compressed. Tyrrell stood with one arm resting on the mantelpiece, half turned away from him, and there was a moment of dead silence.

With all his foresight and knowledge of the world, such a contingency as that with which he was now brought face to face had never occurred to John Tyrrell. Unconsciously to himself, the relationship as master and pupil which had existed so long between himself and Selma, the semi-guardianship which he had exercised over her, perhaps even to some extent the perfect innocence in Selma herself which rendered the idea

of "talk" in connection with her name absolutely inconceivable, had colored all his theories and all his schemes. His first instinct, as he realized the whole significance of the position, was the natural manly one of burning resentment and indignation, so deep as to hold him absolutely speechless. Julian Heriot's words of that very afternoon flashed into his mind; they were only too comprehensible to him now, and the thought that he and many others had heard the words which Humphrey Cornish had just repeated to him made him clench his teeth fiercely.

Humphrey was the first to master himself. The tide of intolerable anger retreated and left him stern and dignified to the consideration of the present pressing necessity.

"I won't insult my sister," he said, "by saying that I am not here to ask for any explanation from you. We have all been more or less to blame. We should have remembered the possibility of the world's forgetting what we, of course, never forget—that Selma has no older friend than you." Humphrey paused a moment as he realized afresh how unpardonable it was that it should indeed be Selma's oldest friend who had been so careless of her. "The mistake has been made," he resumed; "the present point is to retrieve it as far as may be. The contradiction of the report lies with you, of course. It must be done effectually and quietly, and it must be done at once. How do you propose to set about it?"

Tyrrell lifted his head slowly and turned. During the short interval that had elapsed since his first exclamation, his anger had been succeeded by a swift realization of all the advantages and disadvantages involved in this new turn of events. In his indomitable determination to possess, sooner or later, that for which he had waited so long and with such relentless self-restraint, there was no instrument which fate could have placed in his hand which he would long have hesitated to use. Things had gone much further than he had intended; his foresight had been less perfect than he

imagined; and whether the present circumstances were or were not in his favor was a question he could not decide. But, at least, they brought the crisis. He had heard every word Humphrey had spoken; but his brain had been at work without a second's intermission, and, when the moment arrived for him to speak, he was prepared.

"Mr. Cornish," he said, slowly, "I am going to tell you what I know will surprise you. This comes more heavily on me than you have any idea of, because I love your sister. I should have asked her long ago to be my wife, if I had thought I had a chance with her."

No course of action on Tyrrell's part, no words he could have spoken, could have been more electrifying to Humphrey Cornish. Too completely taken by surprise for the moment to find words, he rose to his feet, and, as he stood confronting the handsome resolute face before him, Tyrrell continued, and his manner was very dignified and very good:

"I need not tell you how inexpressibly I regret it, if any carelessness of mine has given rise to these reports. I need not tell you that I was in complete ignorance of them. Under the circumstances, of course, I shall delay no longer. I shall take my chance with your sister when I see her to-morrow. If she accept me—" he stopped and then finished quietly: "Whether she accept me or not, you may rely on there being no more reports!"

They looked one another in the face for a moment more, and then, with a sense that the ground was cut away from under his feet, that nothing could ever surprise him again, and that there was nothing left for him to do or say, Humphrey held out his hand.

"Thank you," he said, simply; "I should have relied on you in any case. Under the circumstances, there is nothing more for me to say, except that I shall hope to congratulate you to-morrow. Good-night!"

"Good-night!" returned Tyrrell, courteously, "and thank you for your good wishes! To-morrow afternoon!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE light was perfect, and his picture was in an extremely interesting stage; but, at three o'clock the next afternoon, Humphrey Cornish gave up the attempt at work, which had been more or less unsuccessful all the day, and determined to go out for a walk. His thoughts were running on Selma, unconnectedly but incessantly, and they all turned eventually to one end—his disappointment in her.

He had been thinking of her as she had been when she was looking forward to that first appearance which Roger's coming had prevented—a young girl full of enthusiasm and devotion to her work. Perhaps no one in those days had better appreciated than Humphrey the genius that was in her, no one had certainly so sympathized with the genuine artist spirit which had been hers. He had watched her and understood her as only a kindred spirit could have done, and his sympathy had had in it always a touch of pity for the pain life was so likely to bring, when the depths of her nature should be stirred, to so passionate and sensitive a creature. He had told himself often in those days that she would probably suffer, but he had thought of the suffering that perfects.

He had watched her during the terrible struggle which had preceded the breaking of her engagement with Roger; watched her, understanding the resistless impulse under which she struggled, with little doubt as to what the end must be, and with a sad conviction that it was better she should reach that end unaided. He had believed that a collision between her heart and her artist nature was inevitable, not knowing of the prompting she had received, and he had looked to her after-life to justify her choice. And now for the past two years he had known that she was deteriorating—deteriorating day by day as artist and as woman, until his old belief in her was utterly destroyed, his hope for her was shattered.

As Tyrrell had believed that she had grasped at society-life in wounded pride and disappointment, Humphrey had

believed that she was looking for forgetfulness. That she should apparently find it in admiration, in popularity, in the noise and rush of fashionable life, was what he had not expected; it had destroyed his faith in her as nothing else could have done. Would she marry Tyrrell? he asked himself sadly. Marry him, perhaps, for his position, perhaps for old friendship's sake. He had little doubt that she would.

He put aside his palette and brushes and went out of the room and down to the hall, and, as he took his hat, Helen came downstairs to him. She had the little Helen in her arms, a dainty baby figure in its cool white sunbonnet, with the fair little face all smiles and dimples and brown eyes, and she was laughing and talking to her as she came.

"Are you going out, dear?" she said, happily. "Baby is going out too; I'm waiting for nurse to take her. We thought it was very hot in the nursery, didn't we, my precious?" pressing her cheek against the soft baby face, which was so like it. "No, sweetheart, father doesn't want you now," she added, hugging the little thing with a delighted laugh, as the little plump arms made demonstrations toward Humphrey. "Shall you be long, dear?"

"Not very, Nell!" he answered, smiling at her and at the laughing face under the white sunbonnet.

"It's a lovely day," she responded. "I wish Selma could go out. Humphrey, I'm not satisfied about her, dear; she looks so dreadfully ill."

"She has been going out too much," said Humphrey, as he opened the door. "Good-bye, Nell." He kissed both the Helens—the little one as well as the big one—and went out.

Helen stood on the threshold in the sunshine, smiling after him as he went, and, as she went back into the hall with the baby in her arms, laughing and conversing after her present undeveloped fashion, she started and smiled; Selma was standing at the foot of the stairs.

"How quietly you came down, dear!" she exclaimed. "Are you rested? You look like a ghost, you are so pale!"

But it was not pallor alone that had so changed the beautiful face. The forty-eight hours which had passed since the garden-party had taken every trace of color from Selma's cheeks—from her very lips—and her eyes were sunken and hollow; but, however they had been passed, those hours had left deeper traces yet. There was a still stricken look in the white face—a look which changed it as no passion of anguish could have done. She did not move as Helen spoke to her, taking no notice of the little Helen's eager inarticulate calls to her, and she stood in the same position, with one hand resting on the balusters, as she said in a low toneless voice:

"I came to tell you that I have business with Mr. Tyrrell when he comes this afternoon. You will not let anyone be shown in?"

"Of course not, dear!" returned Helen, cheerily. "Go into the drawing-room, and wait there for him quietly. You shan't be disturbed!" She opened the drawing-room door, close to which she was standing, as she spoke, and looked in. "It is nice and cool," she said. "Let me see you comfortably settled before I go upstairs."

Selma took her hand from the balusters and moved slowly to the door, and on the threshold Helen put her arm round her to draw her on.

"Why, you are quite cold, Selma!" she exclaimed.

"Am I?" said Selma, in the same toneless voice. "I will sit here, in the sun."

She sat down as she spoke, and Helen drew up a blind that the sun might fall more freely upon her.

"There!" she said, "now you can't be cold long. Good-bye, dear!" She bent down, as she spoke, to kiss her sister; and, as she did so, the baby in her arms stretched out two little soft hands and stroked the white face with a soft murmur. "Kiss poor auntie, then!" said Helen, merrily. "Selma, how fond she is of you!"

Selma did not answer. For an instant, as the warm dimpled cheek touched hers, she pressed her face closely against it,

and then the two Helens went away together, turning two happy smiling faces toward her from the door, that the little one might blow her a parting kiss.

Selma did not move. She made no change in her attitude, though the chair she had taken was one in which she never sat, and in which she looked curiously rigid and unnatural. She sat there for nearly twenty minutes, looking straight before her, with her dark eyes absolutely expressionless; but the July sun in which she sat apparently did not warm her, for, when the door-bell rang at last, she shivered again painfully. She moved for the first time a minute later, when John Tyrrell was shown into the room.

"What a delicious day!" he said, as he came toward her. "I hope you are better for it?" And then he stopped suddenly, shocked and startled for the moment at the sight of her face. "I am sorry to see that you look very ill!" he said, gravely.

He held out his hand as he spoke, and, before Selma took it, there was a hardly perceptible pause. As he came into the room, she had flushed crimson, and the flush had been succeeded by the deadly whiteness which had called forth his last words. The same deep painful color came to her cheeks again as she placed her hand in his, and, to his astonishment, though she was standing in a flood of afternoon sunshine, her hand as he touched it was cold as ice.

"I am not ill," she said, quietly. "Thank you for coming."

Short as it was, Tyrrell had noticed the interval which had elapsed before she took his hand, and had noticed her change of color, and an idea had flashed across his mind, which was strengthened as she spoke by something new and indefinable in her manner to him—something cold and distant, which seemed to make their old familiar intercourse a thing of the past. Was it possible, he asked himself, that she had heard what Humphrey Cornish had repeated to him last night? The thought was an eminently disagreeable one; and as Selma sat down again, and he followed her example, he took advantage of her silence to review the

position of affairs and rapidly readjust his plan of campaign to provide for this unexpected contingency.

The silence was broken by Selma. She had reseated herself in the same constrained uncharacteristic attitude, as though some painful mental tension affected her whole personality. Her voice, as she spoke, was thin and hard.

"I asked you to come and see me," she began, "because it seemed to me that I should owe you an explanation."

"An explanation?" repeated Tyrrell. He had put away his thoughts the instant she spoke, and was leaning forward with quiet solicitude, every sense keenly alert and ready to turn to his own ends anything that might occur. "I have told you very often that you never owe me anything," he said, with a smile. He was looking straight into her face, and, as she met his eyes, she drew back suddenly and shivered again slightly. She seemed to put something away from her mental consciousness with an effort before she went on:

"I want to say first that I have been thinking only for myself; one can never see for other people." She paused a moment and then continued: "But one sees things for oneself sometimes, and then one must act. I have been waked up."

She stopped, catching her breath for an instant. She was looking, not at him, but straight beyond him; and if, as she said, she had been waked, her face was as the face of a woman who has waked face to face with death. Tyrrell watched her, wondering and waiting until her words should give him some clue on which to speak.

"I saw it all at once," she went on, in the same subdued tone. "And I have thought it all out since. I have let myself be dazzled and carried away by excitement and admiration and popularity. I have lost sight of truth and reality. I have forgotten the end."

She paused again, her eyes very large and dark, and then on Tyrrell's consciousness there dawned for the first time a slight glimmer of a bare possibility that there might be something in the

girl before him of which he had never as yet had any conception. Before he could recover himself sufficiently to speak, Selma had resumed in a quiet unemotional way.

"I thought it right to tell you," she said, "that I am going to work again. I shall not go out any more. If I have thrown it all away—if it is too late—I can work all my life, at least."

"Will you tell me what you mean?" said Tyrrell, quietly.

"Haven't I told you?" she answered, in the same unmoved way, turning her white still face toward him. "I have seen the truth about the life I have been leading. I know now that it is all false and a mistake; that work and art have nothing to do with it; that nothing true or strong can ever come of it. I did not know—at least, I did not think—I let myself believe it was all in the day's work. But now I know."

Tyrrell experienced the sensation of a man who has worked his way with infinite care and thought through numberless devious lanes and alleys, to find himself, when he thought himself absolutely at his goal, face to face with a blank wall. For all possible contingencies, he thought he had prepared; and now he found himself face to face with something he had never dreamed of. She was not thinking of him; she had passed out of the world in which he lived and schemed, into a sphere where none of his plans could help him.

He leaned back in his chair, looked at Selma for a moment without speaking, then he said gently:

"What has suggested all this to you, Selma?" He spoke partly with a desire to gain time, partly with the idea of getting some more extended idea of her state of mind, and neither in tone nor manner was there the faintest trace of the irritation he was feeling.

She smiled faintly.

"A voice!" she said. "I heard it all put into words, Mr. Tyrrell, and I knew that they were true. It was at the garden-party—not a likely place to hear the truth about oneself." The voice died away, and she looked as though she were

listening again to the words she had heard; and then, for the first time, her white face quivered and trembled, and she covered it suddenly with her hands. "I did not know," she cried, low and brokenly. "I never thought! I never thought! Oh! if it should be too late!"

She stopped, and there was a silence. Tyrrell was thinking that, after all, the fate that had nullified all his plans might be his best friend. His eyes were very bright and keen, as they rested on the dark bowed head before him; he calculated the chances for and against him swiftly and resolutely, and he determined to make his move.

He rose quietly and stood beside her, resting one hand on the back of her chair.

"It is not too late, Selma," he said. "Your life is all before you still, and you will not throw it away. What you have heard to give you this pain I do not know, but I do know that it cannot have been the truth." He waited, half expecting that she would protest; but she did not speak or look up at him, though her hands had fallen from her face. They were tightly clasped in her lap, and she seemed to shrink a little as he stood over her, and rather to suffer than to listen to his words.

"The truth is this," he went on, very gently. "You are young, Selma, and the admiration and popularity you are so hard upon came to you very suddenly. You have been overexcited and overtired, and perhaps you have, as you say, thought less than you will do for the future about your work. Selma, you want someone to help you and take care of you."

Suddenly and abruptly, as though some intolerable and incredible possibility were taking definite shape for the first time, Selma rose from her chair. It was not surprise in her face, rather the shock of unendurable conviction, of realization, which seemed more than she could bear.

A strangled gasp broke from her, and she stretched out one hand, that trembled all at once like a leaf, as though to

keep off the something that had broken on her in that instant.

Tyrrell took the hand firmly into both his own; and at his touch, as suddenly as her strange emotion had shaken her, it seemed to leave her—to leave her turned to stone, she stood so white and motionless.

"Selma," he said, softly, "don't let me startle you. What I am going to say has been part of my life for so long that I cannot bear to think of its coming upon you as a shock. You have thought of me—when you have thought of me at all—always as your friend alone, I know. Selma, I love you!" A strong shudder ran through her frame, but she did not speak. Her face was like a marble mask, and, as he looked at it, Tyrrell changed color slightly. "I won't ask you," he said, "to give me love, as yet. Give me the right to help you, Selma. Be my wife!"

"I am sorry, Mr. Tyrrell. It is quite impossible."

She spoke the few words coldly and quietly, drawing away her hand from his astonished hold and moving to the other side of the room, leaving Tyrrell absolutely rooted to the ground in his amazement—not so much at the refusal itself as at the manner of it. A moment passed, at least, before he could recover himself sufficiently to find any words, and then he said, speaking almost as quietly as she had done:

"Impossible, Selma? That is a hard word. At least, you will tell me why it is impossible?"

There was a moment's pause, and then Selma responded in the same unnatural unmoved tone:

"I do not love you, Mr. Tyrrell."

"That is no reason," he returned, quickly, crossing the room toward her. "I do not ask you to love me yet. Marry me, and it will come with time."

"I cannot."

"But give me a reason. Tell me why you cannot. Selma, is that so much for your old friend to ask? Tell me why."

"I have told you."

She drew back from his outstretched hands as she spoke; and, as he realized

the determination in her tone, as he realized that he was failing, that she was slipping from his grasp, a passion such as he had never felt for her before seized him and carried him beyond his own self-control.

"You have not!" he cried. "It is no reason. If I am willing to wait for your love, why should you not give me all I ask? I love you, Selma, I love you! and I would win your love in time."

"Never!"

The word came from her in a low vibrating tone which yet seemed to fill the room, and Tyrrell took a rapid step toward her.

"It is given, then, to another man?" he said, and he caught her hand in his.

Even as he touched her, Selma wrenched herself from his hold and turned upon him at last, her eyes blazing, her whole face alight and aglow with passion.

"Given?" she cried. "Oh, have we known nothing, absolutely nothing, of each other, all these years? Is there no sympathy, no comprehension, in the world? Given? Oh, Roger, Roger! It was his when I sent him out of my life, though I was a child, and I didn't know what it meant. Ah, I have known since! I loved him then, I love him now, and I shall love him till I die. Given? You think lightly of a woman's love, Mr. Tyrrell. You believe that she can give it and recall it and give it again, as though it were a plaything. You are wrong, you are wrong! Women are not all—"

She stopped abruptly, looking at him for a moment with something like horror in her eyes, and then the color rushed over her face again, and she clasped her hands over it.

There was no answer. Speechless and motionless, Tyrrell stood before her, self-convicted and helpless. He had misunderstood. His premises were false, his calculations were false, and for the moment his brain-power availed him nothing. The doubt as to whether he had really fathomed her, which had touched Tyrrell earlier in their inter-

view, had risen suddenly into irresistible conviction to strike him dumb. The contrast between the petty sentiments of wounded pride and girlish disappointment which he had attributed to her, and the strong enduring force of the woman's love with which he was now face to face, utterly overwhelmed him. It seemed to him that many moments passed—though he made no effort to speak—before Selma slowly lifted her face, quite white now.

"You have made a mistake, Mr. Tyrrell!" she said, bitterly. "You have held love cheap, as you have held art cheap—as I have held art cheap. Oh!" she cried, suddenly, clasping her hands passionately, "have I broken my own heart for nothing—for nothing? Have I lost it all—work and art as well as love? Is there nothing before me but the mockery I have now? I trusted you, Mr. Tyrrell; I trusted you in this as I trusted you in everything, and every way—" She broke off again, and again there was the same horror in her eyes. "You told me it was the way," she went on, and the words were a cry of despairing reproach. "You told me, and I believed you! What did I care for society and excitement? What did I care for anything, when I knew that I had lost him forever? Success was nothing to me—it never had been anything. Shall I ever forget that first success when I realized that nothing could ever take his place? And afterward there was no hope for me—none—but to do what I had thrown away my happiness that I might do. I had sacrificed my love in the service of art. What did it matter to me how I worked? All I hoped for was forgetfulness!"

The words broke away into a wailing cry, and the face of the man before her—as white now as her own—twitched painfully.

"And now I have lost everything," she cried. "I sacrificed my love to art, and I sacrificed art to its counterfeit. I have lost you too! I trusted you, I respected you, and it is all over. I have nothing, I am nothing, and I have wronged and degraded the two things I

held most sacred. But my faith in them remains! It shall remain—it shall! And I will hold to that. It can't be that I have spoiled my life for a delusion, after all! There must be—I know there is—a truth and a reality in art, and I will find it and stand on it! It is lowering to love to let its suffering spoil one's life. I will not lower it, for it shall make me strong."

She lifted her face as she spoke, agonized and quivering with her passionate struggle to grasp and hold to the truth she had asserted with such desperate insistence. As he looked at her, all Tyrrell's better nature rose within him and he loved her. The next moment, her eyes fell upon his face; she dropped her hands with a gesture of despair, as though her strength were gone.

"It's all gone at once!" she cried, brokenly. "Everything is gone together—everything!"

And then there was a long silence.

There was no sound of any kind in the room. Selma had sunk into a chair, her face hidden, and Tyrrell had turned mechanically and walked to the window. The soft summer air floated into the room, the summer sunlight moved along the wall; and by and by, from the hall, came the voice of little Helen, brought in again from her walk. How long the stillness lasted, Tyrrell never knew. He only knew that he was face to face with what he had not seen for many years—himself as he really was. He only knew that he was not worthy to touch the hand of the girl who had shown him the truth, and that he loved her.

"If she knew all of me," he said to himself. "If she knew all!"

At last, with a face so gray and drawn as to be hardly recognizable, he turned and looked at her. He had made no calculation, no plans; he had no thought left for effect. He waited a moment more, not to consider, but to control himself, and then he crossed the room and stood beside her.

"You have shown me the truth," he said, in a voice so low and broken that it hardly sounded like John Tyrrell's voice at all. "I cannot defend myself,

even if I wished it. Selma, I cannot help you—help me. Don't send me away forever from the purity and truth I see in you. Give me some hope that someday in the future, when your love grows, not less, but less intensely present with you, you will think of me—you will let me ask you once again to be my wife. Selma, have pity on me!"

She was half lying, half sitting, her hands clasped against the low back of her chair, her face hidden on them; as he spoke, her head had fallen lower and lower, and her whole form had seemed to collapse and shrink as if in an agony of distress. He finished, and she lifted her head and turned to him suddenly; her eyes were large and beautiful with pity and anguish, and her tears were falling fast.

"Ah!" she cried, "Mr. Tyrrell, don't speak to me like that! I cannot bear it. Oh, I have looked up to you all my life, I have thought you everything that is good and strong and true! I cannot bear to see you—lowered! Oh, Mr. Tyrrell!" She stretched out her hands as she spoke his name, with a cry in which all the love and reverence of her girlhood were blended with a great pity and grief; but, as he stretched out his own hands to take hers, she shrank back suddenly and dropped her face again upon the cushions of her chair.

He came a step nearer.

"Selma," he said again, hoarsely, "Selma, have pity on me!"

"Pity?" she cried. "Oh, have I not pity? Everything is more bitter because of this; everything is harder and more hopeless to me because this has come to me too—the loss of you, the loss of my faith in my friend. Is not my heart almost breaking with pity and shame? But I can never be your wife, Mr. Tyrrell! Never, never, never!"

As she said the word "shame," a ghastly change had come over Tyrrell's face. He did not move; but he stood gazing down upon her as she lay with her face hidden from him, with something rigid and strained about every line of him. As she finished, one word came from him in a harsh hoarse voice—the

voice of a man who meant to be answered: "Why?"

"I have had—a letter."

Her face was pressed so closely to the cushion that the words were hardly audible, and she shrank further and further into the depth of the chair.

"From—"

"Lady Latter!"

The two words came from her in a choked, hardly articulate whisper; and, having uttered them, she lay crushed tightly against the cushions, her face pressed down on them, her fingers driven into them and clinging to them as though she would never raise herself again.

There was a moment during which John Tyrrell seemed to collapse and lose his presence and his stature as he stood, and then he turned and left the room.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was a lovely summer morning, with a soft haze resting over everything and enhancing the beauty which seemed to lie behind it.

On one of the upper reaches of the Thames stood a little inn, with an external air of having established itself in its present position more for the sake of quiet than with a view to custom, so lonely and sylvan were its surroundings; and here, through the haze, the sun was shining gloriously. It shone upon the green woods and gently rising hills between which the little thatched house nestled; it shone on the quaint casement windows and on the roses and honeysuckle climbing round them; it shone on the fresh green grass which sloped down to the river; and it shone on the sparkling water moving softly along, blue and beautiful with the reflection of the unclouded sky above.

A hundred yards or more below the garden, fragrant with its stocks and mignonette, the river was crossed by a bridge; and on the bridge, with his arms resting on the low stone parapet, gazing straight before him, far beyond the point where the river took a sudden turn, stood John Tyrrell.

He was quite alone in the morning

stillness, and he had been standing alone since six o'clock—nearly an hour ago. He was as unconscious of the passing of time as he was of the gradually increasing beauty about him—as he was of everything but the thoughts which had kept him now for the third night almost without sleep.

"You have made a mistake!"

Had the words been really spoken to him? he was wondering heavily now, as he stared at the bright blue waters; or had they come from his own inner consciousness? They were part of his life now; he seemed to have lived with them for longer than he could remember. Selma had said them to him, had she not? "You have made a mistake, Mr. Tyrrell!" No, he had said them to himself. "You have made a mistake, John Tyrrell; a mistake! It is all—"

"Hullo, Tyrrell! Breakfast!"

The quiet of the morning was broken by a cheery man's voice. Two men had come to the porch of the little inn, and the elder of the two had shouted his announcement to Tyrrell in jolly stentorian tones. Tyrrell took his arms mechanically from the parapet. "Coming," he said, and, as he moved, the second man, a tall sunburnt young fellow, said to his companion:

"He looks most awfully ill, Roberts. How rummy his voice is! What made him come? I shouldn't have thought this kind of thing was much in his line."

"I met him yesterday in Bond Street," returned the other. "He looked so ghastly that I thought it would do him good, and I told him he could moon about and do just as he liked. I believe he said 'Yes' because he didn't care enough to say 'No.' He's a good sort at the bottom. He pulled me out of a bad hole once upon a time, young fellow, before he was such a swell. Well, old man," he went on, raising his voice as Tyrrell came up to them, "neat thing in mornings, isn't it?"

"Lovely," responded Tyrrell. He was strangely haggard, and his eyes had a curious set expression, as if, as Dick Clayton said wonderingly to himself, he were listening to something. But his

manner, if a shade mechanical, was easy and courteous.

"I won't say breakfast is waiting," said Miles Roberts, with a cheery laugh. "The other fellows are at it. But our breakfast is waiting. I brought this fellow out with me to look you up, that we might have a look in eventually."

To this reference to his appetite, a standing joke with the party, Dick Clayton replied with a playful punch, and more or less fell into the room where breakfast was going on.

There were some half-dozen men there—it being a joint-stock affair in which Tyrrell was the guest of Miles Roberts, who was a friend of Tyrrell's early manhood, and of whom he never lost sight, though they met seldom enough. They were all more or less well known in literary or artistic lines, and they belonged to a set with which Tyrrell had never quite lost touch, though it was remote enough from the fashionable cliques of which he was one of the centres. The breakfast was jovial and noisy, if Tyrrell's words were few; but it was natural, the other men thought, that he should not be familiar with the jokes and allusions current in a party who had spent six weeks off and on in "chaffing" one another. Such a "swell" as Tyrrell was by some of them felt to be rather an incongruous element in the party, and Miles Roberts had been a good deal reviled for the eccentric impulse of old friendliness which had moved him to introduce the said "swell." "He looked so awfully played out, poor beggar," Roberts had explained, apologetically; and though his words had been received with derision, the other men, having expressed themselves freely beforehand, were cordiality itself to Tyrrell when he appeared in person, and it was with a genial desire to dispel his ignorance that Dick Clayton called out to him when breakfast was nearly over:

"Don't be deluded by that fellow, Mr. Tyrrell. The truth is—" And there Tyrrell's attention wandered from the hilarious young voice—wandered completely and uncontrollably from the easy, noisy party.

"I can never be your wife, Mr. Tyrrell! Never, never, never!"

He had lost her utterly, just at the moment when he understood her worth! He had lost her forever! Nothing—no years, no effort, no repentance—could help him! There was that between them which could never be bridged, which she could never forget. And she might have married him, he told himself calmly—she had pitied him, and she had once respected him. She might have married him if it had not been for—that.

The laughter and talk about him seemed to have withdrawn to a great distance and to make a mocking background to his busy thoughts. He was not conscious that he answered Dick Clayton mechanically and at random, though not perceptibly so; he was not conscious that he rose with the other men from the table, and stood about with them on the grass in front of the house; he was not conscious of wandering away from them presently along the bank of the river.

The other men smoked their pipes and cigars and chatted among themselves, and they hardly noticed his departure until Miles Roberts said, looking round carelessly:

"Anyone see where Tyrrell went off to? He'll turn up for lunch, I suppose."

He was out of sight by that time, walking slowly with heavy regular movements, like a man who is hardly conscious of bodily motion in the active working of his mind. Everything was quite clear to him—there was nothing left for him to think out; but never for a single instant were the truths which had become so distinct otherwise than present to him.

Over and over again, with a heavy monotonous recapitulation, he went through the story of his life, as he read it now in the light with which Selma's passionate words had flooded it. He saw himself as he had been at five-and-twenty, with all his life before him, in the first glow of success; full of artistic enthusiasm, ambitious, with good principles, high faiths and impulses. He saw himself a little later, with easy success following easy success, popular and admired, with a slight dullness over his

artistic ideal, a slight slackening of his artistic effort. He saw himself a society-lion, appraising the adulation he received at its true worth, despising his admirers, despising the whole system at the bottom of his heart, but valuing the power and prosperity it brought him. He saw his artistic faiths and aims dead within him, slain by the bitter cynicism of the artist who had sold himself to society; slain so completely that only now and then did he remember that he had ever believed in that of which he now saw only the burlesque and travesty—art not as a means to a material end, but with a living soul. He had spent his life for a delusion and a lie; he had wasted his power, wasted his strength and his manhood, and all that he had valued was—nothing!

"You have made a mistake, Mr. Tyrrell!"

He stood still as unconsciously as he had moved forward, and he saw, not the fair summer landscape before him, but a beautiful white face with dark flashing eyes, which seemed to look into his across an impassable barrier of shame and wrong. More than once, during the two days that had passed since his interview with Selma, he had had the same sensation—as though that visionary face were burning into his brain and shutting out everything tangible and real. It passed again, and he resumed his mechanical walk and his monotonous thoughts.

He had lost her! He had read her by his own false clouded lights; he had dragged her down to his own level, had schemed and planned and waited, and, in the very intricacy of his calculations, had defeated his own ends. If he had been capable of understanding a nature so much higher than his own, if he had been capable of loving her four years ago as he loved her now, it might have been! She might have guided him by the light that was in her to some redemption of his past.

"Never, never, never!"

He ground his teeth fiercely together, and his breath came short and quick. Never! He had put himself beyond the pale. She might forgive him, she might

pity him, she might come in time to think of him tenderly as of her oldest friend whom she had once respected; but she would never let him take her in his arms, she would hardly let him touch her hand ever again. He knew it! The light had been long in coming to Tyrrell; but it was relentless in its brightness, now that it had come. He realized that there is one thing that such a woman as Selma never forgets, never condones; and he knew that there was no hope for him. A dark insolent woman's face rose before his eyes, and he ground his teeth afresh with impotent self-contempt and fury; and then the beautiful white face was there again, with the horror-filled shamed eyes, and he reeled for a moment heavily against a tree.

It passed again suddenly as a boat came swiftly down the river, the quick rhythmic dip of the oars, the laughter and talk of the men in it—Miles Roberts and two more—breaking the stillness.

"Come aboard, Tyrrell," called out Roberts, as the rowers rested on their oars and backed gently, as the tide would have drifted them on; "there's a splendid stream on, and it's lunch-time. Come on!"

"Thanks," answered Tyrrell. "Bring her in a little more." He swung himself off the bank into the boat, saying, as the oars flashed in the sunlight again: "Have you been far?"

He took his share in the talk that followed, entering easily and naturally into all that passed; and, though Miles Roberts thought once or twice that his eyes looked "odd," their expression told him nothing. He did not dream—not one of the men who laughed and talked to Tyrrell during lunch imagined—that his interest and amusement were the surface of depths of hopeless thought incessantly moving, that he moved and talked through it, as it were, with the mechanical action of habit.

"Who is going to do what this afternoon?" inquired Dick Clayton, as they rose from lunch. "I am going to lie on my back in a punt, under the bank."

"I will come and help you, Dick!"

said Miles Roberts. "Lazy young beggar! Tyrrell, will a punt be about your form? It's very hot!"

Tyrrell was standing looking absently at the ground. He had dropped out of the conversation during the last few moments, and his consciousness had drifted away. He started as Miles Roberts turned to him, and said lightly:

"It is hot, but I think I'll go for a row."

Twenty minutes more passed, during which he heard and answered words and jests with the same curious double consciousness; and then he found himself seated alone in a boat, being cast off by Dick Clayton under the superintendence of Miles Roberts.

"You'll find us under the trees higher up, when you come down," called Miles Roberts after him. "We moor opposite the weir, that Dick may be lulled to sleep."

They stood a moment watching as he got the boat out of the stream—he was going up the river—with a few strong easy strokes, and then Dick Clayton exclaimed, with a whistle: "Great Scott! he'll be hot. How he's going it!"

Tyrrell had bent to his sculls suddenly, and he was rowing with all the strength and science of which he was a master. The boat shot on and on, and he rowed always harder and harder, as though some mental relief were to be hoped from the intense physical exertion, until every nerve and muscle was strained to the utmost, and he was rowing desperately. Mile after mile flew by—one, two, three—and then, as suddenly as he had begun, he stopped.

It was useless! Not for a single instant had his mental consciousness been lessened; and now that beautiful white face was before him again, and he held the sculls suspended over the water, and sat gazing into the dark eyes. The boat drifted slowly into the stream, was turned gradually, and began to float gently down the river; and still the eyes held him, and he sat there motionless. Then the face faded; he unshipped the sculls mechanically and let the boat drift

with the current, as he sat with idle hands, gazing before him with unseeing hopeless eyes. What was the use of fighting or struggling? There was not a chance for him anywhere. His life lay all behind him, wasted. The future—there was no future in his thoughts, nothing but vain regret! The boat slipped softly down the stream, the green banks glided by, the river murmured gently, and he was quite unconscious of any of these things—of anything but the dreariness of utter hopelessness. Presently a boat passed him, and he met another coming up; but he never heard the energetic adjurations showered on him. Two hours passed, and his position was unchanged. His very thoughts were stationary. There was no hope for him—he had no other consciousness than that.

"You have made a mistake, a mistake, mistake!"

The river had been singing the words in a soft monotonous chant. What made it suddenly rise and shout them with a confused rush of sound? The boat had been moving smoothly to the monotonous chant. Why did she suddenly stop and shiver? Why?

He lifted his head suddenly. Straight ahead of him, leaping and dancing in tumultuous confusion in the afternoon sunshine, were the waters of the weir above the bridge on which he had stood that morning. The boat was already caught in the current, and he was drifting swiftly and more swiftly with every instant to his death. With a desperate impulse—the impulse to cling to life which is in every man—he seized the sculls and tried to stem the stream. It was useless, and he saw it instantly. The scull snapped like a twig in his hand, and then he smiled.

"You have made a mistake, Mr. Tyrrell. You have made a mistake."

The words were in his ears louder than the roar of the weir-waters getting nearer and nearer with a terrible rush. He heard a wild shout from under the opposite bank, and, with the swift perception of such a moment, he knew that it was Miles Roberts.

"Hold to the post, man! For heaven's sake, hold to the post!"

The voices seemed to come from a far-off world, and he smiled again as he heard them. The danger-post flashed past him, the roar of the waters rose suddenly around him, and he saw nothing but a beautiful white face, heard nothing but a woman's voice:

"A mistake, a mistake!"

But the waters of death had closed over John Tyrrell, and all his mistakes were ended!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THROUGHOUT the remainder of that summer and throughout the early part of the autumn that followed it, Selma was very ill; not dangerously ill after the first, but seeming to regain little strength and to care to regain it less. The news of Tyrrell's death, told to her gently by Helen, who was very anxious about her even then, seemed to break her down utterly, and she grieved for him with a grief that could find few words, and expressed itself only in the slow, heavily dropping tears which stole down her thin white cheeks so constantly as she lay still, hour after hour, with weary hopeless eyes—tears which fell for her dead trust in her friend and for the pitiful story of his life as she saw it now.

Five years had passed since then, and it was a bright afternoon early in November. Helen's drawing-room looked very dainty and pretty—not the less dainty for the fact that little Helen, growing quite a "large girl" now, as she said of herself, and two small brothers, were quite as happy there as in their nursery. Helen was sitting near the fire, talking to a lady; and nearer the window, talking to Mrs. Cornish and Humphrey, with little Helen sitting on her knee, was Selma.

She had been a beautiful girl, and she was now a most beautiful woman. Her features, always grave and quiet now, except when she was acting, were a little worn and thin, as though with past suffering or deep thought—perhaps with both.

The large dark eyes looked larger and lovelier than ever, from the slight hollowing of the setting and the faint shadows about them, and their expression was quiet and steady. There were lines about the mouth, and its girlish curves were gone forever; but the lovely lips had acquired a dignity and sweetness which they had never worn in her youth, and, as they smiled down at the child on her knee, it was no wonder that a little hand stole softly up to stroke her cheek. No child ever turned away from Selma now.

"Nothing could please me more than to hear that," she was saying, quietly; and to her voice, as to her face, time had brought only maturity of beauty.

"I'm not given to crying, my dear," responded Mrs. Cornish, energetically. "I'm too old to cry about nothing; but I couldn't get over it at all. My dear, you are wonderful—it's late in the day to tell you that, I know; everybody knows all about you. But I never realized it myself before."

Mrs. Cornish rose as she spoke; and the other lady, who had come with her to call on Helen, followed her example.

"There is nothing left for anyone to say about Miss Malet," she said, turning to Selma with a smile. "We owe her a great deal. May I thank you, at least, for your performance the other night?"

"Thank you," said Selma, courteously, with the same grave smile.

Mrs. Cornish took her into her arms, with a curious touch of respect mingled with her cordiality; and then the two ladies took leave, and departed with Helen to visit the nursery.

"You have made a conquest, Selma," said Humphrey, smiling, as the door closed upon them.

"Auntie?" said Selma, crossing to the fireplace as she spoke. "I am very pleased. Humphrey, don't you think that there is a great deal in criticism like that? I feel as though one's work must ring true, to touch anyone like auntie. She never reasons as to how a thing is done."

She was looking thoughtfully into the fire as she spoke, and Humphrey watched

her for a moment before he answered her. He had watched her a great deal during the past five years, and all he knew now was that there were depths in her of which he had known nothing when he thought that her artist-life was over, and that she might marry John Tyrrell for his money and position; depths that he should never quite fathom, strength and nobility and constancy that he could only guess at. She was such an artist now as he had known long ago that she might be. She had devoted herself to her work with a curious, steady, unexpressed reverence for it, which differed strangely from her old enthusiasm; her genius had developed with every year, and every year there strengthened about her a certain atmosphere, as of a woman whose every thought and aspiration centres round an ideal which has, she knows, no realization on earth—who looks through and beyond the art to which her life is given, to the perfect beauty and completeness of which all human art is as the faintest shadowing forth.

Her quiet life was very full, as the life of such an artist cannot fail to be—she stood at the head of her profession, with an artistic position which was unassailable; but Humphrey wondered often, as he looked at her face in repose, whether she was happy. He knew that a certain amount of unsatisfied longing was inevitable to the artist nature in her. But was she as happy as she might have been? Was she happy, as a woman? He had known the truth about her heart that day, long ago, in the studio, when Mervyn and Roger were there together; he had known then that she loved Roger still; but he was conscious of having been entirely mistaken in his after-judgment of her. Now he was conscious of a certain vague pity and sympathy, as he looked at her or talked to her. Was she content? he wondered often. He was wondering now rather sadly as he answered:

"I quite agree with you. Intellectual criticism is fascinating, but it is not an infallible test." He paused a moment, and then said gently, almost in spite of

himself: "Your work stands both tests, Selma—intellectual and emotional. You should be satisfied."

She lifted her eyes to him with a slight smile.

"Satisfied with my work, Humphrey?"

"Hardly that," he responded, answering her smile. "I don't wish you stagnation! Satisfied with life!"

She did not answer him at once. He thought she sighed, but the sound was very low. She had not raised her head, and was standing in the same quiet graceful attitude, looking steadily into the fire, when there was a sudden sound of voices in the hall. Humphrey, turning quickly, did not see that Selma turned a little paler; the next moment, he had crossed the room, opened the door, and was shaking his brother Roger by both hands.

"Old boy!" he exclaimed, "when did you get back?"

"Only last night," exclaimed Helen, who was following—as Roger returned the clasp of his brother's hands with a hearty "How are you, old fellow?" "Isn't it nice of him to come to us to-day? And how is Mervyn? Tell us all about her," she added, delightedly, while Roger shook hands with Selma, who had come quietly forward.

Roger and Mervyn had been abroad for more than a year. Mervyn had never seemed to get over the loss of her baby, and year after year had left her more fragile and delicate, until at last—eighteen months before—the death of her father had given her a shock which led to a long illness. Her father had left her money, and, when she was advised to live abroad for a year at least, Roger was able to arrange his business affairs and take her away. For many months, there had been little hope of his ever bringing her back again, and his few short letters home had been almost heart-broken. Then there had come a change; she had begun to gain a little strength. And now she had come home again, as Roger assured Helen with exuberant happiness, "the strongest little woman in London."

"She would have come with me this afternoon," he said, "but there's some bother with the servants. Come back with me, Helen, and see her. She'll be so awfully pleased. I want to show her off to you. You won't know her."

Roger himself was altered almost as much as Mervyn could be. He was much bronzed, and his face was firmer and stronger for the five years of anxiety about his little wife. There were lines in it, and a touch of gray in the hair about his temples aged him and at the same time improved him greatly, with the dignity of maturer and more thoughtful manhood that it brought him. His blue eyes were radiant with an almost triumphant happiness now, however, as he turned them upon Helen, and she answered:

"I'll come with pleasure, Roger. I'm longing to see her. Oh, I'm so glad!"

"When did you cross?" asked Humphrey.

"By the midday boat, yesterday," answered Roger. "Mervyn hates night journeys."

"You had a lovely day," commented Selma, quietly. And then a servant came and spoke to Humphrey.

"A lady in the studio, sir, to see you about a picture."

"Very well," he responded. "What a nuisance, Roger! She may keep me half an hour. You're not off in a hurry?"

"I am, worse luck!" returned Roger, ruefully. "We must say good-bye, old man."

They stood a moment arranging a future meeting that should not be interrupted by commissions, and then, after another tremendous handshake, Humphrey departed, and Roger said to Helen:

"Is it a good thing?"

"It's splendid!" said Helen, proudly. "He doesn't often take commissions; he says they are a tie; but he couldn't refuse this."

She told him all about it; and they talked for a little while of Humphrey and his success, coming back again to Mervyn and their travels, until Roger said finally:

"If you really will come back with me, Helen, I think we ought to be off. She will be expecting me."

Helen rose at once. "I'll go and get ready," she said. "Selma dear, tell me the time, if you can see the clock?" And as Selma answered her, she left the room.

There was a moment's silence as she shut the door—a silence which was broken by Selma.

"Did you come straight through? It is a long journey," she said.

"We spent twenty-four hours in Paris," he answered. "Mervyn is very fond of it, and she shopped furiously all day."

He was looking at the quiet graceful figure opposite him as he spoke, thinking how beautiful she was and how greatly she had altered. It was a long time since he had felt as though the Selma of to-day and the Selma of old were really one and the same, and now the time that had elapsed since he had seen her seemed to make him realize the difference more distinctly than he had ever done before. He could not feel that this grave sweet woman was the girl he had loved and lost. That girl had been the ideal of his youth; this woman was something far away from him, to be respected and admired from a distance. The two had two points in common in his mind, and only two: they were both beautiful and incomprehensible, and they were both far above him. They had another point in common, of which he was not conscious. They existed side by side in the dim background of his thoughts, while all the foreground was filled with the wife he loved.

"She was always enthusiastic over shopping," said Selma, smiling at his description of Mervyn's proceedings in

Paris. "It is delightful to hear that she is strong enough for such a hard day's work."

"It is delightful," rejoined Roger, fervently, his whole face glowing with satisfaction.

The November afternoon was drawing in, and the room was growing dark. The flickering fire lighted Roger's features as he stood near it; and Selma's eyes, as she sat in shadow, were fixed upon him steadily.

"You are quite satisfied about her. She is quite strong again?" she said. Her voice was very low and sweet, and there was something in its tone which seemed to stir the depths of Roger's thankfulness and joy. He looked down into the beautiful woman's face lifted to his, seeing nothing but the sympathy he read in it, remembering nothing but his own great happiness.

"She is quite strong again," he said, softly. "I can't tell you what it is to me to know it."

Selma rose, still with her eyes on his, and held out her hand gently to him.

"You are very happy?" she said.

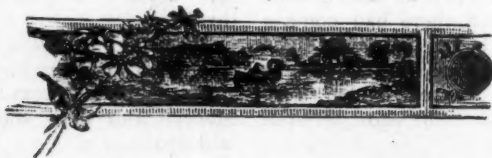
"I am very, very happy," he answered.

"I am glad!" The three words came from her very softly, and, an instant later, Helen's voice called him from the hall; he wrung the slender hand he held, and was gone.

"Take care of yourself, Selma!" called Helen's voice, cheerily, as the street-door opened. Then it closed.

Selma walked slowly across the room to the window. She could not see from it the street along which Helen and Roger were walking. She stood there, quietly looking out into the fast darkening evening—alone.

(THE END.)



FOR LIFE'S SAKE.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

FOR thirty or forty miles to the north and west of Lake Eustis, in Orange County, the pine forest stretches away in an almost unbroken and little explored wilderness.

The orange fever is still in its infancy, and, although during the autumn months every train brings new settlers, they drift for the most part into the hummock and rich alluvial lands along the Indian River or about the great central lakes. But occasionally somebody seems to prefer the sand ridge or "backbone," which extends at irregular intervals nearly the whole length of the State, and at some points has a width of twenty miles or more.

This is the goal of consumptive immigration. The air is dry and laden with balsamic odors, and the tents and hammocks may be spread beneath the trees with perfect immunity from lung and throat troubles. Even during the rainy season, when the flood-gates of heaven seem to open, there is no danger of colds. The atmosphere is warm, and the porous sand absorbs the water as fast as it descends. An hour after the sun comes out, the country seems as dry as ever. And yet there is moisture enough to insure luxuriant vegetation. Orange and lemon trees impart a beautiful green to the landscape, while magnolias, live-oaks, and dogwoods relieve the tedium of the vast stretches of pine forest.

From Lake Eustis, a section of this "backbone" winds away indefinitely into the northwest counties. Here and there, little openings and the odor of burning stumps attest the presence of settlers. If the trees are only girdled and left to point their bleaching skeletons toward the sky, one may be tolerably sure the settler is from an adjoining county, or perhaps from Georgia or Alabama. And if a dozen razor-back hogs are investigating the doorstep, which is indiscriminately occupied by

dogs and hens, he may feel sure of his surmise.

But occasionally one finds a house surrounded by a neat fence, and with doors, windows, and shutters possessing the requisite number of hinges and fastenings. There is little danger of seeing girdled trees here. As fast as the land is cleared, it is fenced in and planted with orange-trees or converted into a truck-patch.

It was to a place of this kind that the early rays of a June sun found their way through the tree-tops. The house was a small one-story cottage, unpainted, but with a cozy piazza running entirely around it. Honeysuckle and jasmine enclosed one side, while a purple clematis was creeping slowly up the other. At one end of the house, a tall oleander in full blossom spread its fragrant boughs across the roof. As the sun rose above the horizon and touched the branches of the oleander, a rich burst of melody filled the air and continued until it apparently awakened the sleeper inside, for presently he came to the door and stood for some time listening to the rich notes.

"I wish Mary 'n' the girls war here to hear 'em," he muttered, with a sigh. "It's gittin' lonesomer-like, lately."

As he stepped out, the song suddenly ceased, and, a moment later, a number of mocking-birds flew across to the group of live-oaks which he had left standing in the midst of his clearing.

"How Sue 'n' Hattie would like to hear 'em," he again muttered, as he watched their flight. "It would nigh about set 'em wild."

Then he picked up a water-bucket and went to the well, and was presently engaged in cooking his breakfast.

During his twenty months in Florida, he had learned many things that would never have come to him in his old life on the farm, and cooking and mending were among them. For the culinary art,

he had conceived quite a liking; and sometimes he wondered, with a chuckle, what Mary and the babies would say, could they see him bending over his little stove and anxiously timing the boiling eggs.

He was a tall slight man of about thirty, but illness and anxiety had already touched his temples with a suspicion of gray. He had married young and been early saddled with a homestead which had furnished a scant living to father and grandfather, but which neither had been able to clear from mortgage. Added to this burden was a predisposition to consumption, to which most of his family had succumbed; so there was little prospect of the future's bringing him release from the thralldom of the farm, except through the avenue opened to his family.

In his early days, Tom Redmon had longed for a chance to attend school like other boys; but the sudden death of his father and the requirements of the rocky hillside farm had shut out such possibilities, and he had taken his post with the quiet determination of clearing the place, if hard work and economy would do it. As he grew up, many changes were made on the farm. Every new method that seemed an improvement on the old was adopted, and, by the time he had reached man's estate, he was known throughout the neighborhood as a model farmer.

He had married soon after reaching his majority, and for several years it seemed as though he would retrieve the misfortunes of the family. Part of the mortgage was paid, and new stock and buildings were added to the farm; then the hard work began to tell, and his inherited weakness to display itself. For a year, he fought against his foe, and then had to hire a man to do the heavy work. But he felt that the hand of fate was on him, and told himself that it was only a question of time. If only the mortgage were paid off, and the wife and little ones provided for!

They were very tender with each other in those days. The wife said little, but felt the shadow of something terrible

hovering near. Tom tried to make light of his illness, and said the cough would disappear with warm weather. But his eyes belied the words, and his wife placed one of her fingers gently on his lips.

"Don't let's talk of it now, Tom," she said, in a broken voice; "I can't bear it."

Neither had thought of consulting a physician. The nearest one was many miles away, and people in these remote districts seldom have recourse to doctors except in cases of emergency. Nature and the mountain herbs are relied on to cure all diseases.

But, as Tom's cough increased, his wife insisted on his going to Boston to consult a specialist; she had heard there were new remedies which would cure consumption. But Tom demurred: the journey would cost too much. Besides, they knew well enough what the end would be, and it was foolish to waste the precious money on quack medicine which could only aggravate the complaint.

But in the end he yielded, more to please Mary than with any hope of relief. He was gone two days; and, when he returned, she met him at the foot of the lane with questioning eyes.

"Yes, I saw the bes' doctor I could find," he said, answering her look.

"And could he help you—did he give you any medicine?" she asked, eagerly.

"He said I was all right for a good many years—under cert'in conditions," Tom answered, after a little hesitation. Then seeing the look of happiness flash into her eyes, he continued more slowly: "But the conditions can't be kep'. He said I mus' go to France or Bermudy or Floridy, or some furrin parts where they have no winters. He told me medicine warn't no good now."

"And—and if you stay here?" she asked, the pallor again returning to her face.

Tom did not answer, but walked silently by her side along the path. Then, as they came in sight of the farmhouse, with the little girls playing before it, he said in a low voice:

"It can't be helped, Mary, 'n' we

mus' try 'n' make the best of it. Only it's comin' sooner 'n I expected. We mus' try 'n' have everything fixed up before—"

But she darted away from his side and rushed into the house.

That evening, after the children were put to bed, she came and sat down beside him.

"Tom," she said, in a quiet voice, "you must sell some of the cows and follow the doctor's advice. I can manage the farm until you get better."

But Tom shook his head.

"It will take too much of the money," he said, stroking her head softly, "'n' there won't be any too much for you 'n' the girls."

"What do we care for the money, if you're not here?" she returned, passionately. "No, Tom, you must go where it is warm, if it takes everything we have and I am obliged to work out while you are away. You must go, Tom—must, must, must!" she repeated, grasping his arm in her eagerness.

And so it came about that Tom Redmon went to Florida, and, after spending a few weeks at Ocala and finding work scarce and expenses heavy, joined a party of home-seekers who were in search of Government land. Plenty was to be found at this date, and it was not long before he took up a homestead in the northern part of Orange County. It was high rolling pine-land, with about fifty trees to the acre, and possessing several magnificent groups of live-oaks and oleanders. Near one of these latter, he made a small clearing and set about building a house. Second-class lumber could be had very cheap from a neighboring saw-mill, and, as the climate required only shelter from the sun and rains, but a few months were required to complete a very pretty four-room cottage. It was of plain boards, battened, and had neither plaster nor chimney; but a judicious use of paint and paper and the lavish display of trailing vines around the piazzas soon gave it a picturesque and even elegant appearance. When finished, the house had cost less than one hundred dollars.

Tom Redmon viewed his work with much satisfaction. It was something he had not contemplated when coming to Florida, but hotel and town expenses had soon convinced him that "camping" would be much cheaper, besides giving him better opportunities for the outdoor life the doctor had recommended.

Although he had no intention of staying on the homestead the five years necessary to perfect his title, he knew that improved places were always in demand, and that he could at any time dispose of a quit-claim to the place and improvements for a fair price. Government land was being rapidly taken up, and choice homesteads would soon be scarce.

So he kept quietly at work enlarging his clearing, planting orange-seeds, and putting in cuttings of such tropical vines and plants as he could find in his walks about the country. In the evening, the clearing would be lighted by the burning pines and stumps around its borders. For miles, the gleaming fires could be seen through the woods. Tom liked the work; the fires were cheerful companions, and, besides burning out the trees, made a much nicer job than girdling or even felling and leaving the stumps. Small holes were dug on the windward side of the tree, and filled with the resinous pine-knots which were plentifully scattered over the ground. These knots burned fiercely for hours, and, when they gave out, were replaced with new ones. It took from twenty-four to forty-eight hours to burn out a tree, and forty or fifty of the fires could be kept going at once. After the trees fell, they were cut up and piled together and burned.

His house completed, Tom built a little ten-by-twelve room back of it, and connected the two by a covered archway. In this room, he placed his stove and kitchen furniture. Then he sat down and wrote a long letter to his wife.

"I am improving every day," he wrote, "and have already gained ten pounds. I think a couple of winters will bring me round all right, and then—"

home and the old farm! I am in hopes my improvements here will sell for enough to cover all my Florida expenses."

In December, he planted the clearing with Irish potatoes and other half-hardy vegetables, and, when danger from frost was over in January, set tomato-vines between the rows. When these were gathered in the spring, the ground was promptly set to sweet-potato plants. The large saw-mill furnished a good market for most of his "truck," and Tom soon found himself adding to, instead of taking from, his little hoard of money.

And so the months went by, converting the orange-seeds and the cuttings into a thrifty young nursery, and sending the clematis, jasmine, and honeysuckle clambering and twining their sprays over the roof and along the eaves, filling the rooms and the whole clearing with the fragrance of their clouds of blossom.

At work about the place or swinging in his hammock under the shadow of the jasmine, Tom counted the months as they passed; and at last, with the glow of expectation in his eyes, he went to Ocala to see about disposing of his place and purchasing a ticket North. Almost the first person he saw, after entering town, was the Boston doctor. He was with a party of ladies, driving toward one of the hotels. Obeying a sudden impulse, Tom moved in the same direction. He wanted to thank the man who had done so much for him.

But, when he emerged from the hotel an hour later, the look of expectation had faded from his face and he walked unsteadily. Finding a seat under one of the shade-trees, he sat down and looked about vaguely. What was it the great man had said about his returning home? That it would be suicidal; that the mere journey into the cold country would prove his death-warrant.

Tom passed his hand slowly over his forehead. It was hard to realize! All his hopes and aims and dreaming had been to get home to his family and the old farm—the old farm he was to bring up to be a model for all the country round! And he had written to his wife

that he was perfectly well and would be back as soon as he could turn his improvements into money. He laughed bitterly at the thought.

What mattered the long life in Florida which the doctor had told him was possible, if his home and the mountains were to be forever shut from sight? And the doctor's suggestion that his family should come to him was absurd. That would necessitate the selling of the old place which had been in his family for two hundred years. He could not do that. And his wife was as fond of the farm as he. No! He would wait another year, and then take the chances of going North.

It was late in the afternoon when he left the town and started in the direction of his clearing. A month elapsed before he could bring himself to write home.

II.

NEAR the close of a warm June afternoon, a young woman emerged from the vine-covered porch of a New Hampshire farm-house and took the narrow path leading down to the post-road which wound along the side of the mountain. She was rather pretty, with tender wistful mouth and a touch of sadness in her face. Every now and then, she shaded her eyes with her hand, and gazed long and earnestly down the valley, where a long stretch of the winding road could be seen. On every side were great masses of mountain laurel and azalea in full bloom, and, as the breeze came up from the valley, one could detect the presence of wood-violets and arbutus.

But the woman regarded none of these. With half-unconscious movements, she thrust aside the branches of laurel and hurried on until she reached the wagon-road. Here she paused irresolutely for a moment, then walked slowly on in the direction from which the mail-coach would come. Every afternoon for a month, she had come down this path and walked on to meet the coach; and every afternoon for a month, the mail-carrier and postman had driven by with a kindly shake of his head.

Mary Redmon was growing thin from anxiety and dread. What did it mean? Tom had not written for two months; and he should have been back before this. In one week more, the farm would be sold by the sheriff, and, if he did not reach home before that, he would have no home left him. She had done her best, and paid the interest and expenses during the first summer; but poor crops and bad help and Hattie's illness had combined to exhaust her slender resources.

And now Peleg Jones was about to sell the farm. The interest was a little overdue, and she suspected he was taking advantage of a dull season to get the place into his own possession. And she had depended so much on Tom's coming home to set everything right!

"Maybe I ought to have written and told him about it," she reflected; "but I was afraid it might worry him, and I thought he would surely come before it was too late."

Here a rumbling of wheels caught her ear, and she drew back to let the mail-coach pass. As it whirled by, a letter was dropped at her feet. With an inarticulate cry of thankfulness, she snatched it up and pressed it to her bosom. It was in Tom's handwriting.

Ten minutes later, as old Jason Trowler came along in search of his cows, he found her sitting on a rock by the roadside, gazing absently at the letter in her hand.

"Tom is not coming home," she said, in answer to his look of inquiry; "the doctor says he must live in a warm climate."

"Always?" asked old Jason, wonderingly.

"So the doctor says; but Tom writes that he will be home next year. He doesn't know about the foreclosure."

"Next year?" old Jason repeated. "And the farm will be sold next week. Tom ought to have—"

"No!" she interrupted, almost fiercely, "Tom ought not to come home—and never shall, after what the doctor has said. As to the foreclosure, I wish it were to-morrow—to-day! Do

you suppose I would have kept away from Tom so long, if it had not been for taking care of the farm for him? And now that he cannot come to it, the quicker it goes, the better. I love the old place; but, if it keep me away from him much longer, I shall hate it!"

Before she finished speaking, her voice had resumed its accustomed tone of quiet composure, but her fingers clasped and unclasped themselves nervously about the letter.

Old Jason looked perplexed. He was their nearest neighbor, and had known the pair since their early childhood.

"It are a hard case," he said at length, "'n' don't seem ter show any clear p'int. It don't seem right f' you 'n' the little gals ter go inter them furrin parts, 'mong the wild beasts 'n' savages 'n' yaller fever 'n' sich; 'n' then agin, 'tain't right f' ye ter stay up here 'n' let poor Tom be sick 'mong all them calamities. It are mos' likely your duty t' go, but it 'pears t' me 's how money mus' be skase in them parts, 'n' it's your 'pinted duty t' git 's much outen the old farm as ye kin. Now, old Peleg figgers on gettin' the place f' 'bout nothin', 'n' lows money's so skase nobody'll bid agin him. He's keepin' the auction business quiet 's the law'll let him. Now, 't 'pears t' me, ye might send a little notis t' the Richford 'Herald.' My boy'll take it over. Jes' tell 'bout the trout-brooks 'n' boiling springs 'n' natural caves 'n' sich. Them's what the rich folks'll give thar money fur. Your place ain't wuth shucks fur a farm, but it's the bes' lan' 'n the county fur rocks 'n' picteresk p'int. A lot o' hotel-builder fellers war lookin' over Tomkins' farm las' week, but 't didn't seem t' suit 'em."

During this long speech, Mary stood looking drearily down the valley. In the distance, a line of cows were crossing the road. They were old Jason's, but he did not notice them.

As the old man ceased speaking, she looked up with a slight smile.

"Thank you, Uncle Jason," she said, "you are right. We shall need all

the money we can get, and the old place ought to bring several times the amount of the mortgage. I will write the notice."

Slowly the days glided by and were counted with anxious impatience; each hour meant one hour less to wait. A few more weeks, and she would be with Tom.

A spirit of unrest seemed to possess her: up and down the mountain paths she wandered with the little girls. Every brook and shimmering pool was visited, bouquets gathered from the laurel thickets and shady dells, the barn and hen-houses and even the pig-pen lingered by. The mouths of the little colt and calves grew sticky with sugar, and the hens stretched their necks and refused to notice the sudden profusion of dainties.

The day of the auction arrived, and, one by one, farm-wagons drove up, and the staid old horses were unharnessed and fastened to the backs of the wagons, with wisps of hay before them. Old Peleg walked back and forth, rubbing his hands at the prospect of a small attendance. But, just as the auction was about to commence, a stylish equipage drove up, and several gentlemen alighted. Old Peleg looked slightly annoyed, and his nervousness increased when one of the gentlemen promptly raised his first

bid. There was no hesitation about the newcomer, and a few minutes saw him the owner of the farm at a good round figure.

A few days later, when Mary and the girls started on their long journey, she had a check in her pocket which even Tom would have considered a generous price for the farm. And the mortgage and all the small debts were paid. The stock and implements had sold for nearly enough to do that.

In his far-away home, Tom was working listlessly. He had little heart for improvements now, the future was so uncertain and hopeless. At times, he thought of writing for his family to join him; but would they like this sandy country, without mountains or hills or green grass? And the farm—how could that be left? No thought of selling the old place ever occurred to him. Sometime he would return to it.

One evening, he was swinging idly in his hammock and listening to the rustle of the honeysuckle as the breeze played among its leaves. The sound of quick footsteps up the walk failed to arouse him from his reverie, and it was not until a pair of arms were thrown about him, and a pair of familiar eyes looked into his that he started up. As he did so, two gleeful voices from behind cried: "Papa! Papa!"

RONDEL.

BY RUTH LAWRENCE.

HASTE! away to the meadows green;
 The dull bee drones a drowsy lay,
 The silver brooklet chatters gay
 O'er rugged rock to steep ravine.
 The cloud-rifts gold show blue between,
 The blackbird pipes, the wind's at play
 Haste! away to the meadows green,
 The dull bee drones a drowsy lay.
 Haste! for the sun will hide, I ween,
 His royal crown at shut of day,
 And twilight fold the buds away
 To dream upon earth's breast serene;
 Haste! away to the meadows green:



BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS.

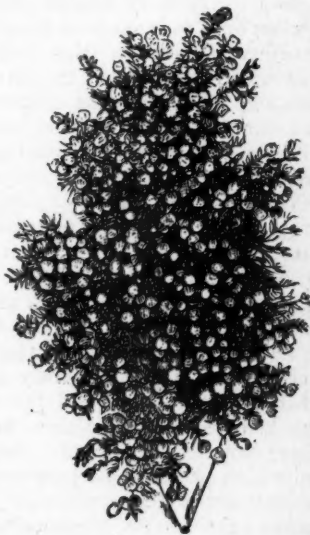
We have secured as Editor of this department Mrs. Phebe Westcott Humphreys, a member of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, an enthusiastic flower-lover and successful cultivator. Send all communications to her address,
STATION A, Philadelphia, Pa.

AMONG THE FLOWERS IN JUNE.

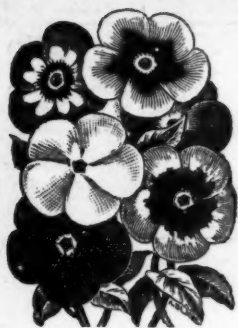
JUNE brings us comparative rest and great enjoyment among the flowers, after the rush of spring work; and now we have time to pause and make notes of our experiences during the past few weeks, to assist us in the fall planting. All the early spring bloomers that have proved especially satisfactory, especially the bulbs and flowering shrubs that you will be anxious to grow in larger quantities, and that must be planted in the fall for the following spring's display, must be noted, or they may be forgotten until too late. How often we listen to the regrets of these forgetful ones all through the early spring, when the lawn and various beds and borders are brightened with the bulb display. If they could only purchase and plant the bulbs then, while enthusiastic over their beauty and fragrance, what large orders would be sent to the florists! When they learn that these spring bloomers must be planted in the fall, they firmly resolve that they will remember just the numbers and varieties desired; but the numerous summer and fall bloomers take their attention, and

the bulbs and shrubs and early blooming perennials are forgotten until another spring brings fresh regrets and new resolutions.

By careful selection, it is possible to have a continual display of beautiful flowers outside—even in our colder northern climates—from the middle or last of March until it is time for the June roses; and this is just the time that flowers on the lawn are most appreciated, before the annuals and conservatory



ALYSSUM.



PHLOX.

bedders begin to display their wealth of bloom.

CARING FOR THE WINTER-BLOOMING PLANTS.

The tender greenhouse plants have doubtless been moved to their summer quarters before this, and they will require attention throughout the summer, if you would secure the best results for next winter. It is customary to allow them to remain in the pots and sink the pots in the ground to the rim; and while this is a good plan, it is unwise for the thoughtless ones to attempt to keep their conservatory plants in this manner. It is natural to suppose that the plants in the pots will be all right as long as the soil surrounding them is moist, but this is a mistake. Often the soil will become so hard and baked about the roots that it will be impossible for new rootlets to form, or for the old ones to make the slightest growth. And the plants are either dwarfed or killed outright, long before those growing in the open ground begin to suffer with the drought. If the plants remain in their pots, be very sure that the soil is kept sufficiently moist, and that it is kept open and porous by stirring it occasionally, so that the surface may not become baked. Another difficulty with plants whose pots are sunk in the border is the drainage. Place coal-ashes in the hole beneath the pot, and there will be no danger of the drainage becoming clogged and the

water allowed to collect and sour the soil and injure the roots. The ashes will also keep the worms from entering the soil in the pot, to cause annoyance during the winter. Many amateur florists will plant their winter bloomers directly in the open ground, and will congratulate themselves throughout the summer because of their rapid growth and luxuriant leafage—the buds, of course, will be removed as fast as they form, to encourage winter blooming; but when it is time to pot the various plants and take them into the house, the congratulations will change to regrets when they find that the roots have outgrown all bounds, and it will be impossible to crowd them into the pots intended for the plants, and they will either be placed in pots too large for abundant blooming, or the roots will be crushed and broken, much to the injury of the plants. In either case, the blooming will be delayed for several weeks, and even then will be inferior. Yes, it is certainly best to allow the winter bloomers to remain in their pots, or at least be potted early enough for them to become well established, thrifty, rooted plants before it is time to take them inside. It will be well to keep many of the choice varieties on the veranda or in some sheltered spot out of the reach of the strong winds and hot midsummer sun. Give them the necessary watering, spraying, pruning, and disbudding; and if they have received the repotting, or fresh supply of rich surface-soil required, in the early spring, there is no reason why you should not



CANARY-FLOWER.

have a magnificent display of flowers throughout the winter, many of them beginning to bloom as soon as they are taken inside.

PLANT MORE VINES.

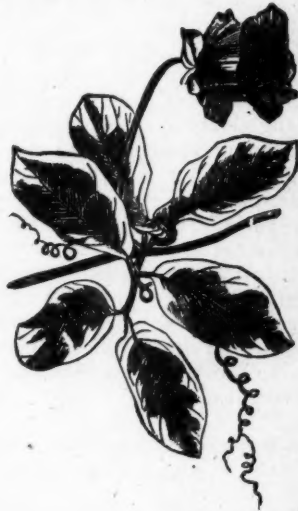
It is almost impossible to get too many of them. The list of desirable varieties seems unlimited, and their uses certainly are manifold: you will want some for covering unsightly objects in the back yard, perhaps; others will be desired for dainty graceful effects, drooping from the lawn-baskets and other ornaments; some will be chosen for their early blooming, and others for their late display; a few pretty sorts will be trained over the windows on account of their fragrance, while many will be required about the porches for shade. But it will be impossible to think of any purpose for which a plant may be grown, without finding some certain variety which seems exactly suited for this particular requirement. Whenever it is possible, we would urge the cultivation of the hardy varieties, rather than those that will require special care in planting and training each year. With the many handsome varieties of clematis, the various honeysuckles, the rapid-growing trumpet creeper, the ampelopsis veitchi, with its brilliant autumn foliage, and the beautiful wistarias, certainly present all the desirable qualities one could wish; yet many of the annual climbers are far too pretty to be excluded from our list.

The sweet-peas and the nasturtiums will always continue in favor. The maderia-vine, cinnamon-vine, and balloon-vine, and even the ornamental gourds, are worthy of attention; the convolvulus, or morning-glories, and the different varieties of moon-flowers, are ready to claim their place, and the delicate graceful cypress-vine, the canary-bird flower, the cobæa scandens, and on through the list to the magnificent climbing roses.

The difficulty is, not to find suitable vines for the purposes required of them, but to decide which are the most desirable among the beauties.

ROSES AFTER BLOOMING.

By the last of June, many of the roses will have finished blooming. The monthly roses and the ever-blooming varieties will continue their display, of course; but the grand hybrid perpetuals, with their magnificent flowers, will be considered at an end, as far as this year's beauty and fragrance are concerned. But it is possible, with intelligent care, to secure from them abundant blooming



COBÆA.

in the fall. They will require a good mulching now to induce new growth, and it will be necessary to prune them sharply; and if the insects are kept under control, and the soil enriched, there will be no question about their fall beauty. This summer pruning is not intended for the climbing roses; for, of course, these bloom on the old wood instead of the new, and it will not be necessary to prune them at all, except as it is desired to train them. It is well to remember, during the blooming period, to cut the roses with long stems, and a double purpose will thus be accomplished; the bush will be pruned to encourage later bloom, and at the same time the flowers may be arranged gracefully without combining them with other

blossoms, as the long stems will provide an appropriate and natural setting.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It seems to be the general impression among my readers that I have plants and slips for sale. Several have written for me to send them different varieties which have been mentioned in these columns from time to time. Still others have requested me to send them catalogues. I wish it to be thoroughly understood that I have no plants for sale, and it is impossible to grant such requests. It is my purpose to interest others in the delightful study of floriculture; and in describing plants and methods of culture, I write from experience and not from theory. I do not wish it understood, however, that I have any of these plants to spare; I am always glad to state where different varieties have been purchased, but it is best for all interested in flowers to keep themselves supplied with the latest catalogues of reliable florists, and by comparing prices, etc., they may soon be able to decide in regard to the most satisfactory dealers.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE BULB-BEDS?

Another query from various correspondents requires a lengthy answer. Many who have grown the bulbs for



CONVOLVULUS.



HONEYSUCKLE.

spring blooming for the first time this year are writing to ask what shall be done with them when they have finished blooming: whether it is necessary to take them up in the spring, or to allow them to remain in the ground from year to year. I can give no better reply than to repeat my method as given last year, as I have found it more satisfactory than any other plan.

The large beds of hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, etc., have been magnificent during the past two months; but now the flowers have faded, and the leaves are beginning to turn yellow. They do not need to be lifted, as many of them are fresh young bulbs planted last fall, and they may remain where they are for several years, until they begin to crowd each other and need separating; but how shall these unsightly yellow leaves be covered?

Don't cut them off when you remove the faded blossoms, for it is very necessary that they should remain undisturbed until the bulbs are thoroughly ripened.

The best thing to plant in these beds is some fast-growing spreading annual which will send out many branches until the bed is entirely covered with bloom all summer. If you decide upon something which is self-sowing, all the better; the beds will then need very little attention for years. Suppose you try sweet-alyssum and phlox drummondii.

The seeds may be sown the last of this month, if not already started in the house; and if you have sweet-alyssum blooming in the window-garden, transplant the old plants in these beds. No matter if they have been blooming so constantly for many months that they seem exhausted; they are very enduring, these fragrant little plants, and they will be perfectly willing to go right to work in their new home and brighten the beds until the seedlings are ready to come to the rescue. And when those small seedlings once begin to bloom, there will be no end, either to the phlox or alyssum blossoms, until they are frozen. I am surprised every year at the persistence of these two annuals. Nothing seems to discourage them; they are determined to bloom, and bloom constantly; and the more blossoms you take, the more they give.

The bulb-bed will soon be the most attractive spot in the garden, with the bright phlox blossoms in endless variety of color, and, spreading through and over and around these, the lovely, fragrant, white alyssum blossoms. I did not disturb my bulb-beds last fall; they were so completely covered with the beautiful tangle of blooming annuals that I left them to protect the bulbs, and it seemed they would never die. It took two or three hard frosts to destroy all the blossoms.

In December, a little stable-manure was spread over the beds; but they did not require much, as the mass of dry plants which covered them loosely was the best protection the bulbs could have. This was partly lifted in the spring, giving the bulbs more sunlight when the green leaves began to show; and as soon as

the weather became more settled and the flowers began to appear, it was entirely cleared away. As these annuals are self-sowing, the little seedlings were ready for their summer work when the bulb-blossoms commenced to fade.

If you plant in them a good packet of each of these annuals this spring, you will not have to ask again for several years what shall be done with the bulb-beds.

C. J. Wood: The heliotrope that is intended for summer blooming will be more satisfactory in the open ground than kept in pots. But the plants grown for the winter garden should not be encouraged to bloom during the summer, but kept growing steadily until it is time to take them inside.

Nell: Cuttings are easily raised from cobæas, by planting them in sand and



CLEMATIS COCCINEA.

keeping moist and warm until rooted. They may also be raised from seed; it is better, however, to start either seeds or cuttings in March, but your question came too late to be answered in that number.





LAMPBLACK.

A POOR black paint lay very unhappy in its tube, one day, alone, having tumbled out of an artist's color-box and lain quite unnoticed for a year.

"I am only Lampblack," he said to himself. "The master never looks at me: he says I am heavy, dull, lustreless, useless. I wish I could cake and dry up and die, as poor Flakewhite did when he thought she turned yellow and deserted her."

But Lampblack could not die; he could only lie in his tin tube and pine, like a silly sorrowful thing as he was, in company with some broken bits of charcoal and a rusty palette-knife. The master never touched him; month after month passed by, and he was never thought of; the other paints had all their turn of fair fortune, and went out into the world to great academies and mighty palaces, transfigured and rejoicing in a thousand beautiful shapes and services.

But Lampblack was always passed over as dull and coarse, which indeed he was, and knew himself to be so, poor fellow, which made it all the worse. "You are only a deposit!" said the other colors to him; and he felt that it was disgraceful to be a deposit, though he was not quite sure what it meant.

"If only I were happy like the others!" thought poor sooty Lampblack, sorrowful in his corner. "There is Bistre, now: he is not so very much

better-looking than I am, and yet they can do nothing without him, whether it is a girl's face or a wimple in a river!"

The others were all so happy in this beautiful bright studio, whose open case-ments were hung with myrtle and passion-flower, and whose silence was filled with the singing of nightingales. Cobalt, with a touch or two, became the loveliness of summer skies at morning; the Lakes and Carmines bloomed in a thousand exquisite flowers and fancies; the Chromes and Ochres—mere dull earths—were allowed to spread themselves in sheets of gold that took the shine of the sun into the darkest places; Umber, a sombre and gloomy thing, could lurk yet in a child's curls and laugh in a child's smiles; whilst all the families of the Vermilions, the Blues, the Greens, lived in a perpetual glory of sunset or sunrise, of ocean waves or autumn woods, of kingly pageant or of martial pomp.

It was very hard. Poor Lampblack felt as if his heart would break; above all, when he thought of pretty little Rose Madder, whom he loved dearly, and who never would even look at him, because she was so very proud, being herself always placed in nothing less than rosy clouds, or the hearts of roses, or something as fair and spiritual.

"I am only a wretched deposit!" sighed Lampblack, and the rusty palette-knife grumbled back: "My own life has been ruined in cleaning dirty brushes, and see what the gratitude of men and brushes is!"

"But at least you have once been of use; but 'I never am—never!'" said Lampblack, wearily; and indeed, he had been there so long that the spiders had spun their silver fleeces all about him, and he was growing as gray as an old bottle does in a dark cellar.

At that moment, the door of the studio opened, and there came a flood of light, and the step of a man was heard; the hearts of all the colors jumped for joy, because the step was that of their magician, who, out of mere common clays and ground ores, could raise them at a touch into splendors of the gods and divinities immortal.

Only the heart of poor dusty Lampblack could not beat a throb the more, because he was always left alone and never was thought worthy even of a glance. He could not believe his senses when this afternoon—oh, miracle and ecstasy!—the step of the master crossed the floor to the obscured corner where he lay under his spiders' webs, and the hand of the master touched him. Lampblack felt sick and faint with rapture. Had recognition come at last?

The master took him up. "You will do for this work," he said; and Lampblack was borne trembling to an easel. The colors, for once in their turn neglected, crowded together to watch—looking, in their bright tin tubes, like rows of little soldiers in armor.

"It is the old dull Deposit," they murmured to one another, and felt contemptuous, yet were curious, as scornful people often will be.

"But I am going to be glorious and great," thought Lampblack, and his heart swelled high; for never more would they be able to hurl the name of Deposit at him, a name which hurt him none the less, but all the more indeed, because it was unintelligible.

"You will do for this work," said the master, and let Lampblack out of his metal prison-house into the light and touched him with the brush that was the wand of magic.

"What am I going to be?" wondered Lampblack, as he felt himself taken on to a large piece of deal board, so large that

he felt he must be going to make the outline of an athlete or the shadows of a tempest at the least.

Himself he could not tell what he was becoming: he was happy enough and grand enough only to be employed, and, as he was being used, began to dream a thousand things of all the scenes he would be in, and all the hues that he would wear, and all the praise that he would hear when he went out into that wonderful great world of which his master was an idol.

From his secret dreams, he was harshly roused; all the colors were laughing and tittering round him till the little tin helmets they wore shook with their merriment.

"Old Deposit is going to be a sign-post," they cried to one another, so merrily that the spiders, who are not companionable creatures, felt themselves compelled to come to the doors of their dens and chuckle too.

A sign-post! Lampblack, stretched out in an ecstasy upon the board, roused himself shivering from his dreams, and gazed at his own metamorphosis. He had been made into seven letters, thus: Bandita. This word in the Italian country, where the English painter's studio was, means: Do not trespass, do not shoot, do not show yourself here: anything, indeed, that is peremptory and uncivil to all trespassers. In these seven letters, outspread upon the board, was Lampblack crucified!

Farewell, ambitious hopes and happy dreams! He had been employed to paint a sign-board—a thing stoned by the boys, blown on by the winds, gnawed by the rats, and drenched with the winter's rains. Better the dust and the cobwebs of his old corner than such shame as this!

But help was there none. His fate was fixed. He was dried with a drench of turpentine, hastily clothed in a coat of copal, and, ere he yet was fully aware of all his misery, was being borne away upon the great board out-of-doors and handed to the gardener. For the master was a hasty and ardent man, and had been stung into impatience by the

slaughter of some favorite blue thrushes in his ilex-trees that day, and so in his haste had chosen to do journeyman's-work himself. Lampblack was carried out of the studio for the last time; and, as the door closed on him, he heard all the colors laughing, and the laugh of little Rose Madder was highest of all as she cried to Naples Yellow, who was a dandy and made court to her: "Poor old ugly Deposit! He will grumble to the owls and the bats now!"

The door closed, shutting him out forever from all that joyous company and palace of fair visions, and the rough hands of the gardener grasped him and carried him to the edge of the great garden, where the wall overlooked the public road, and there fastened him up on high with a band of iron round the trunk of a tree.

That night, it rained heavily and the north wind blew, and there was thunder also. Lampblack, out in the storm without his tin house to shelter him, felt that, of all creatures wretched on the face of the earth, there was not one so miserable as he.

A sign-board! Nothing but a sign-board!

The degradation of a color, created for art and artists, could not be deeper or more grievous anywhere. Oh, how he sighed for his tin tube and the quiet nook with the charcoal and the palette-knife!

He had been unhappy there indeed, but still had had always some sort of hope to solace him—some chance still remaining that one day fortune might smile and he be allowed to become at least the lowest stratum of some immortal work.

But now hope there was none. His doom, his end, were fixed and changeless. Nevermore could he be anything but what he was; and change there could be none till weather and time should have done their work on him, and he be rotting on the wet earth, a shattered and worm-eaten wreck.

Day broke—a gloomy misty morning.

From where he was crucified upon the tree-trunk, he could no longer even see his beloved home, the studio: he could

only see a dusky intricate tangle of branches all about him, and the wall of flint below, with the Banksia that grew on it, and the hard muddy highway, drenched from the storm of the night.

A man passed in a miller's cart, and stood up and swore at him; because the people had liked to come and shoot and trap the birds of the master's wooded gardens, and knew that they must not do it now.

A slug crawled over him, and a snail also. A woodpecker hammered at him with its strong beak. A boy went by under the wall, and threw stones at him and called him names. The rain poured down again heavily. He thought of the happy painting-room, where it had seemed always summer and always sunshine, and where now in the forenoon all the colors were marshaling in the pageantry of the arts, as he had seen them do hundreds of times from his lone corner. All the misery of the past looked happiness now.

"If I were only dead, like Flake-white," he thought; but the stones only bruised, they did not kill him: and the iron band only hurt, it did not stifle him. For whatever suffers very much has always so much strength to continue to exist. And almost his loyal heart blasphemed and cursed the master who had brought him to such a fate as this.

The day grew apace, and noon went by, and with it the rain passed. The sun shone out once more, and Lampblack, even imprisoned and wretched as he was, could not but see how beautiful the wet leaves looked, and the gossamers all hung with rain-drops, and the blue sky that shone through the boughs; for he had not lived with a great artist all his days to be blind, even in pain, to the loveliness of nature. The sun came out, and with it some little brown birds tripped out too—very simple and plain in their costumes and ways, but which Lampblack knew were the loves of the poets, for he had heard the master call them so in summer nights many times. The little brown birds came tripping and pecking about on the grass underneath his tree-trunk, and then flew on the top

of the wall, which was covered with Banksia and many other creepers: The brown birds sung a little song; for, though they sing most in the moonlight, they do sing by day too, and sometimes all day long. And what they sung was this:

"Oh, how happy we are, how happy! No nets dare now be spread for us, no cruel boys dare climb, and no cruel shooters fire. We are safe, quite safe, and the sweet summer has begun!"

Lampblack listened, and even in his misery was touched and soothed by the tender liquid sounds that these little throats poured out among the light-yellow bloom of the Banksia flowers. And when one of the brown birds came and sat on a branch by him, swaying itself and drinking the rain-drops off a leaf, he ventured to ask, as well as he could for the iron that strangled him, why they were so safe, and what made them so happy.

The bird looked at him in surprise.

"Do you not know?" he said. "It is you!"

"I?" echoed Lampblack, and could say no more, for he feared that the bird was mocking him—a poor, silly, rusty black paint, only spread out to rot in fair weather and foul. What good could he do to any creature?

"You," repeated the nightingale. "Did you not see that man under the wall? He had a gun; we should have been dead but for you. We will come and sing to you all night long, since you like it; and when we go to bed at dawn, I will tell my cousins the thrushes and merles to take our places, so that you shall hear somebody singing near you all the day long."

Lampblack was silent; his heart was too full to speak. Was it possible that he was of use, after all?

"Can it be true?" he said, timidly.

"Quite true," said the nightingale.

"Then the master knew best," thought Lampblack.

Never would he adorn a palace or be adored upon an altar. His high hopes were all dead, like last year's leaves. The colors in the studio had all the glories of the world, but he was of use in it, after all; he could save these little lives.

He was poor and despised, bruised by stones and drenched by storms; yet was he content, nailed there upon his tree, for he had not been made quite in vain.

The sunset poured its red and golden splendors through the darkness of the boughs, and the birds sang all together, shouting for joy and praising God.

THE DANDELION, WHO MADE A DISPLAY.

BY GEORGE G. DIVINE.

A DANDELION, who wished to be gay,
In a fine green coat and topknot of gold,
Stood bobbing his head in a brazen way,
With a manner most offensively bold.

Day after day,
This senseless display
From morning to night.
Till, without growing gray,
His head turned white
And swelled up light
And blew away quite!



CONDUCTED BY AUNT JEAN.

USEFUL PEOPLE.

IT is a victory to know that hunger, thirst, and cold, as well as other groups in the great family of pain, are the first and greatest teachers of mankind. Without them, we should have been eating acorns, chipping flints, and making ourselves as comfortable as might be, in the company of other species.

We are fortunate in learning this, for it gives a color to the accepted saying that there is a use for everything. Probably our test has been its fitness to our own convenience and taste. Thus, though the sting of a bee and of a wasp is equally painful, we destroy the nests of the one, and tax our ingenuity in constructing the most commodious hives for the other. Veal, jelly, and sweetbread commend the calf, from head to heel, on its way toward the production of beef, butter, milk, and cheese, to say nothing of hide. Otherwise, mere picturesqueness would hardly have led to the careful preservation of cows on the hill and in the meadow. Lions and tigers, too, provide pleasure for the moneyed sportsman, as well as hearth-rugs and instructive entertainment at the Zoo. To their black fellow-countrymen, these beasts are less attractive. It may be interesting, moreover, to read about herds of wild horses; but the adjunct of harness presents them in a different light. Though Darwin has revealed the intelligence and shown the part that worms play in renovating the face of the earth, we have been accustomed to value them

only as bait, their worth as such being seen from another point of view by themselves.

It may be difficult, indeed, to realize the usefulness of much in the world of insignificance, as with grubs which destroy our crops, and mosquitoes, especially when these show like a mist over the prairie, and a man has only to clap his hands if he wishes to kill a hundred; still, in the case, say, of the turnip-fly, the most tiresome insect helps in the development of agricultural ingenuity, and takes its place along with hunger and thirst, heat and cold, in making man bethink and bestir himself. Without a host of disagreeable incentives, the rise of civilization would have been unknown.

Manifold other factors enter the question when we begin to talk about useful people, and ask ourselves when and how anyone can claim a right to this gratifying prefix. It is hard to find an obviously suitable entrance into so complex a problem, and impossible to define in a few words a thing which presents so many sides as usefulness.

In the first place, it must be admitted that some eminently useful people are anything but agreeable. Think of the "wet blanket." It would be difficult to overvalue the good which he frequently does. We concoct promising schemes, and, in all honesty, are persuaded that they are sure to be effective. But, in the heat of pleasurable creation, something has been overlooked, some condition essential to success has been forgotten. Many people have exhausted

themselves in efforts to discover perpetual motion, which would, presumably, be of use if realized. An old gentleman in a country village bewildered the natives by the importation of huge costly iron cylinders, levers, and cranks, which were to revolutionize the world of practical science. One receptacle, at last, came to be used as a water-tank; another eventually served the purpose of a pig-trough. All the would-be inventor's time and money might have been saved if only some provoking friend had first made him try whether he could carry himself in a basket. The floor of the world is strewn with vexatious failures which only wanted the early application of a wet blanket to check the expenditure of useless pains.

Many useful people whose help we foresee, and even invite, but which brings no inevitable pleasure, are often seen in the shape of teachers. Their object, indeed, is not to dampen, but encourage us; and yet sometimes we are conscious of unpleasant inferiority when we employ them. Though we may sincerely desire instruction, the sense of ignorance which accompanies a request for advice is not always agreeable, especially if we are unable to get it without payment. The prospect of relief from personal pain, or the hope that we may obtain it for another, causes the physician to be looked upon as a welcome friend; but we seldom have the same feeling toward a veterinarian when a favorite horse has broken its knees, or a stupid cow has tried to swallow a turnip the wrong way. And we do not invariably enter the consulting-room of our legal adviser with a conviction that his usefulness is enjoyable. From the pitiless "wet blanket," who is allied to those inexorably corrective powers of nature which educate mankind, to the mildest of instructors who almost apologize for their superior knowledge, there is a procession of useful people whose help we are compelled to accept against the grain, or wish we could manage to do without.

A high place must be given to the pioneer, though his usefulness is often

not realized except by himself, and he has to be content with the applause of his own conscience. Though more than one such man has been put to death for his pains, the world would have stood still if it were not for his precocity and perseverance. Even when a leader questions no social custom, and advocates no fresh aspect of a creed, when he proposes something which openly commends itself, the world, especially that which is called learned and scientific, carefully guards itself against any suspicion of approval.

A hundred years ago, an inventive English nobleman declared that it was possible to make a ship move by the aid of steam, without masts or sails; and, having spent as much as he was prepared to afford on repeated costly plans, craved some assistance from the state. Of course, the department, being a wet blanket, stringently tied up its loan; but, having become persuaded by the result of his experiments that he had hope of success, it undertook to build a small vessel for the would-be inventor, to be navigated by the steam engine on the condition that, if it failed, all the expense should be made good by him. This generous enterprise of Lord Stanhope was highly lauded at the time, the popular verdict being thus expressed: "If it answer, the advantage to the public, particularly in inland navigation, will be immense."

In this case, the recognition of a pioneer's possible usefulness was exceptionally favorable. If the Inquisition had then held power in England, his ignoring of the mystic wind's influence might have got him into mischief. But the courage of the true discoverer seldom fails. When Galileo was compelled to recant his heresy about the motion of the earth, he whispered to a friend, as he rose from his knees: "It moves, for all that." So, too, at last does the cautious world when someone audaciously proposes to find his way over a stream or gulf which has never been crossed, or about even the existence of which none have ever troubled themselves at all. Your suggestive explorer,

nevertheless, affirms that there is something worth knowing or having on the other side. Nobody cares a button for what he says. So he quietly carries a plank of his own to the brink. It is too short, or carried away. At last, if he is not drowned, he finds one the right length and lays it firmly down. He toddles carefully over. "Look at that fool," says the public. But he comes back, declaring that there is something of value on the other side, and makes several passages, bringing specimens. Presently an inquiring friend makes a trip with him; then another and another, until in time the sneering world drives up with its cart-loads of bricks and timber to build a bridge, because there really is a gold-mine on the opposite shore. Pioneers head the regiment of useful people, though the column seldom follows close at their heels.

What is to be said about those who unquestionably burn with desire to benefit their fellows, but whose zeal takes shape in the preaching of some fad? There are, for instance, vegetarians who, not content with protesting against the use of flesh-meat on physiological grounds, or objecting to the association of an innocent lamb with mint sauce, boldly urge that it wholly fulfills its purpose when viewed as a pet, and would protect it even from the shears, because there are vegetable fibres better suited for the knitting of stockings than lamb's wool. No doubt many people eat too much meat, and he would be a useful man in his generation who could make them believe this; but it is in the nature of a faddist to spoil his usefulness by not knowing when to stop.

It is a long stride from the man who is overdone with anxiety to improve others, and would always set a neighbor's clock by his own watch, to those whose claim to utility is little more than pictorial. We often see useful ornaments advertised for sale; and, when it is equally serviceable, we always prefer a handsome well-shaped article to an ugly one. There are, however, different notions of what is becoming, and one would rather have an honest coal-scuttle

show its contents in the parlor than a Japan casket, painted perhaps with Cupids and roses, the lid of which always fell upon the shovel when wanted to feed the fire. But that is not the point. Beauty and usefulness may well meet together.

We must admit the claims of those, too, who, having done their work, and done it well, can unbuckle their belts without blame. There is no special merit in a determination to die in harness. On the contrary, such a resolve may be most inconvenient to the rest of the team, who would gladly turn the old prig into a paddock.

There is a large class of people, however, whose usefulness is only passive. They take no active part in doing good to their generation, though they may be, and often are, held in much esteem by those around them. Probably this comes from their harmlessness—from their making no stir and never giving utterance to troublesome suggestions. They take things as they are, and, when these suit the views of their neighbors, they get credit as benefactors to their race. Such are men with adequate means who live in the same place year after year, and have an appreciable number of others dependent upon them, such as tenants, small tradesmen, poor relations, and a wagging tail of promiscuous hangers-on. A man in this position, of easy-going temper, who finds employment for those about him, likes the character of being ready to do a kindness, and is too good-natured to mind being sometimes a little imposed upon, is sure to be reckoned among useful people. And he deserves a good name. He irritates no one by vexatious reforms in the routine of local procedure, but keeps a welcome level in the discharge of his inherited duties. Still, his unquestionable usefulness is little else but that of a pump. Not a steam pump, under the sole control of its irresponsible proprietor, but an instrument of more value with those who have access to its handle. The village carpenter, bricklayer, shopkeeper, baker, and tailor have hold of it in turn. It stands over the tank of the good man's

resources and generosity. There is no denying its usefulness. All the same, it is a pump of the simplest construction. Probably it stood where it is before he was born; and when he shall be removed, if his son duly fill his place in the eyes of the community, it will be there still. We may nevertheless reasonably doubt whether the welfare of a country would be best secured if it were planted throughout with these laudable erections. Something more seems to be required of such as may most fitly be called useful people.

If a man is willing merely to be used, instead of being useful, there is no fear, indeed, that his services will not be recognized; but they will be those of a tool rather than of a workman. No one denies the usefulness of a tool. Nevertheless, when we ask who are the useful people in a generation, we look for something in them more than passive utility. They do not merely supply material for the discontented and ambitious to work upon or employ, but are leaders in giving shape to social desires and growth. All, indeed, cannot be these. The multitude must needs be led, and the value of what they say and do depends upon their being led right. Surely, then, the most useful are those who best teach others what to think, and enable them best to realize that which they desire to be done for them, or to do themselves.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

BY EVA M. KENNEDY.

ANSWER TO QUESTION 10.

"Here is bread which strengthens men's hearts,
And therefore is called 'the staff of life.'"

GOOD bread makes the homeliest meal acceptable and the coarsest fare appetizing, while the most luxurious table is not even tolerable without it. There is no one thing upon which the health of a family depends so much as the quality of its home-made loaves. Although the superiority of good home-made bread has long been

acknowledged, very few people really know how to make it well, and they therefore depend on the baker, which is at least very expensive, to say nothing of the injury the use of baker's-bread causes to the health of delicate people, as almost all baker's-bread contains alum.

The following description tells the process of bread-making in a nutshell: "In making bread, the first thing is to take a sufficient amount of flour, then add enough water to form a dough; the better the flour used, the larger will be the amount of water to be added. After mixing the dough with yeast, the whole mass is kept in a warm place for several hours. Upon rising sufficiently, it is kneaded, set aside to rise again, and, after a short time, placed in the oven and baked until the loaf has a rich amber-brown crust."

For good bread, three things are essential: good flour, good yeast, and great care. It must be light, sweet—not acid or of yeasty taste—flaky, granular, and as white as the grade of flour will allow. The best flour should always be used, and may be easily recognized as having a cream-white tint, no approach to blue, and by being dry and perfectly clean.

The yeast must be fresh and good. Some prefer to use the dry hop-yeast, which is always available, and it is certainly very good when perfectly fresh; but potato-yeast has two advantages over others, viz.: the bread made from it keeps moist longer, and there is no danger that an excess of yeast will injure the flavor of the bread.

No one will merit the name of a good bread-maker without the utmost care and watchfulness; for, although it may seem a very simple process, nothing but long experience will make perfect.

It is usual to make what is known as the "sponge" the night before the bread is to be made. It is formed of flour, warm water or milk, and yeast—some add mashed potatoes—mixed in the proportion of one pint of milk or water to two pints of sifted flour. If milk is used, it should be new, and must be first scalded, then cooled off to blood-heat;

the scalding preventing any possibility of its souring. When water is used, it must also be at blood-heat, but not too hot, or the bread will be coarse; and a tablespoonful of lard or butter added will make the bread more tender. When the bread is made by using milk, it will require less flour, less kneading, and it will be more tender and nutritious; but it will not keep so long, and it will not have the sweet taste of the wheat.

As a rule, one small teacupful of yeast and three pints of wetting will make sponge enough for four loaves. Mix the batter with milk or water, making it as warm as can be borne by the fingers, then stir in the flour, and this will cool it sufficiently for the yeast. This must be beaten like batter for a cake, for fifteen minutes, then set in a stoneware jar—the heat will be much more steady than if put in tin—cover with a thick clean blanket, and place in a warm and even temperature.

In the morning, early, the true task of bread-making begins. A large seamless tin pan, with handles and a closely fitting cover, kept for this purpose alone, is preferable to a wooden bowl for bread; and, after each time it is used, it should be thoroughly washed and scalded. The flour must be measured and sifted—let us say enough for four loaves; and, if it is in the winter-time, put it in the oven for a few minutes in order to take off the chill. Put this in the bread-pan, leaving a large well in the centre, into which pour the sponge, adding two teaspoonfuls of salt. This should be well mixed, but the dough must not be made very stiff; then turn it out on the board and knead it from forty-five minutes to one hour, or until the dough ceases to stick to the board or to the hands, using as little flour as possible, and making no pause till finished. Some knead with the palms of the hands, some with the fists.

After this, it should be formed into a round mass, the top sprinkled with flour, as also the bread-pan, and covered closely and set to rise in a warm temperature. When it has risen to twice its original size, which will take from one to two hours, it should be kneaded down in the

pan, cut into equal parts, placed one at a time on the board, and each one moulded into a smooth loaf. Grease the tops of these loaves with salted lard or butter, put them in a well-greased baking-pan, and set them to rise. After this has risen so as to crack or seam, which will require from fifteen minutes to one hour, place it immediately in the oven.

Bread should undergo two fermentations, viz.: the saccharine or sweet fermentation, and the vinous, when it will smell something like foaming beer.

The heat of the oven must be moderate and steady; for, if it is too hot, a firm crust will form before the bread has expanded properly, and it will be heavy. A good way to test the heat is to place an old piece of crockery, containing about a teaspoonful of flour, in the middle of the oven. If it burns in one minute, the heat is right.

To test the bread, break the loaves apart and press gently with the finger; if it is elastic, it is done; but if it is clammy, it must be returned to the oven; or, if the loaves are single, test with a straw plucked from a clean broom. It should not be baked less than three-quarters of an hour.

After it has been thoroughly baked, a clean cloth should be spread upon the table, and the bread placed upon it. When it is cold, place it in a stone jar or tin bread-box, which must be thoroughly cleansed each baking-day.

If the loaves are small, single-loaf pans may be used. When the bread is removed to cool it, these pans must be washed and dried, and the loaves then replaced and set away in a tin box or boiler. The pan helps to keep the bread moist and palatable for several days.

ANSWER TO QUESTION II.

If the roast comes from a cleanly butcher, it requires no washing, but is at once ready for roasting; if, however, washing be necessary, it should be done quickly, and thoroughly dried. If the meat is very lean, one or two tablespoonfuls of water might be added; but if it is at all fat, the juices of the meat are

quite sufficient, as the addition of water would make it less juicy and tasty.

The fire must be kept hot and bright while the meat is in the oven, and, if it should require replenishing, add fuel a little at a time, so that the heat will not be checked. Chemistry and experience teach us that the first application of heat in roasting should be very powerful and rapid, so that the surface may be hardened and the juices retained. This external crust will be formed in about fifteen minutes, after which the heat should be slightly decreased and become firm and steady.

Some people do not cling to the old-fashioned custom of basting; but it should be strictly adhered to, as much of the success of roasting depends on it.

When the roast is half done, it may be necessary to turn it, and care should be taken to keep the thick part of the meat in the warmest part of the oven. Every part of the roast must be well cooked, including the fat of the tenderloin, so that the texture shall be entirely changed; unless this is done, those parts which are nearest the centre will appear red and underdone. Fifteen minutes to every pound of beef—twenty minutes for pork, veal, and lamb—should be the time allowed for cooking. The roast should be a rich brown, and the bottom of the pan covered with a thick glaze, in order to be properly cooked.

After it has been removed from the pan, sift it evenly with fine salt—this should not be done before, or while the beef is cooking, as the salt draws out the juices—and it will be ready for use.

In preparing the gravy, pour off the fat gently; but the pan should be held steadily, so that the gravy which underlies it shall not be lost. Put the pan on the stove, pour into it half a cupful of boiling water—vary the quantity with the size of the roast—add a little salt, and stir with a spoon till all particles are dissolved. This will make a rich brown gravy; but, if desired thicker, a little flour and water might be added.

In roasting all meats, success depends chiefly upon a clear bright fire and frequent basting: the chief object being

to retain as much as possible the sapid juicy properties of the meat, so that, at the first cut, the gravy will flow out of a rich red color; this can only be accomplished by quick coagulation of the surface albumen.

WISTFUL.

DEAR, it is hard to stand
So near thy life, yet so apart;
So near—I think so near—thine
heart;

So near that I could touch thine hand.
And yet so far I dare not take
That hand in mine for love's dear sake.

So near that I can look my fill
At stated times upon thy face;
So far that I must yield a place
To others, sore against my will!
So near that I could see thee smile,
So far, my poor heart aches the while.

Dear, it is hard to know
Whate'er the stress, the storm. the
strife,
The fret, the sadness of thy life,
I have no power, no right to show
Love in my heart, love on my lips,
To comfort thee in life's eclipse;

No right to claim before the rest,
The privilege to weep with thee;
No right across life's stormy sea
To bid thee welcome to my breast;
No right to share thy hopes, thy fears,
Through all the weary, weary years.

Dear, it is hard to feel
That bliss may meet thee, full and fair,
Wherein poor I can have no share;
That thy wide future may reveal
The joys of harvest manifold,
While I stand lonely in the cold.

Dear, it is hard. But God doth know
How leal the heart that beats for thee;
It is enough, enough for me
To love thee. Let the future show
Love can live on for its own sake,
Though eyes may weep, though heart
may ache!

—All the Year Round.



EDITED BY EMILY H. MAY.

LATEST THINGS IN THE FASHIONS.

WE believe it is quite decided that hoops will not be worn, at least for the present. Crinoline is not abandoned, however; it is so deftly employed that it is not perceptible as crinoline. We do not mean that the stiff horsehair employed years ago is used; but some slightly stiffened soft canvas, which is called soft crinoline or lawn crinoline, is worn to give body to the bottom of skirts or the puffiness of sleeves: it has not as much body as that formerly used to give stiffness to revers and lapels. Skirts are wide at the bottom, falling easily at the front and sides, and those for walking do not touch the ground. The modes of trimming are various, but as yet the ornamentation is around the skirt, not up it. In some cases, the trimming is confined to three or four

rows rather close together at the bottom; in others, the bands or narrow ruffles extend to the knees, or, if the wearer is tall and slender, to within half a yard of the waist. Two and even three skirts are seen, but have not obtained as much favor as yet as the single one trimmed higher.

We give, in Figure 1, the newest skirt

which has appeared. It is in great favor in London, but is rather fuller in front than those usually worn here; and in England, it is called the Victorian skirt or the grandmother skirt. It is sometimes cut with a seam in front down the selvedge, but this is not as much liked as the following plan: Open the material and fold the selvedges together, then lay the centre front of the pattern on the fold which runs from selvedge to selvedge. The waist, being cut round to come under the skirt, fits in front and has gathers in the back. The bot-

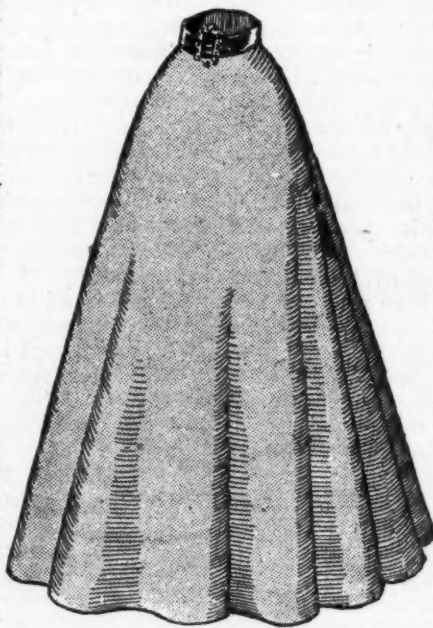


FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

tom measures five and a half yards round, but can be increased to seven yards.

The croquet or tennis dress given in Figure 2 is made of dark-blue serge, with three rows of blue braid around the bottom; the full bodice is of white nun's-veiling, with very full sleeves and a ruching coming in a point in front

placed below the bust and reaching to the upper part of the waist at the back. The waist-ribbon is of white silk striped with blue, and the blue hat is trimmed with the same kind of ribbon.

In Figure 3, we have one of the newest of new skirts, very moderate in size and very pretty. The dress is of mauve foulard, figured with pale-pink roses, and is trimmed with ruffles of cream-colored lace put on under a band of mauve silk studded with rosettes of mauve ribbon. The way in which the lace is arranged on the bodice is of the latest style. In our model, the lace is made to form a jacket as well as ruffles over the shoulders; the jacket part may be omitted, if desired. For plainer gowns, ruffles or collars of the material may be used instead of lace; but the mode of putting the trimming over the shoulders is much alike. Many of the trimmings of bodices are full ruffles, reaching over the big sleeves and forming points made more or less sharp back and front.

The gown shown in Figure 4 is of wine-colored serge. There are two skirts—or rather, the lower one is put on a lining, to give the effect of two skirts—each trimmed with bands of black ribbon. The bodice is slightly full, back and front, ornamented with the black ribbon.

The variety of designs for new waists is endless, and in Figure 5 we give one of the latest and most suitable for a slender figure. It should, however, be of the material of the dress, and may be made of a thin material, but will look best in surah, India silk, nun's-veiling, or even in some thicker goods. Our model is of plain black silk, and the short added piece below the waist has a habit-basque at the back; that may be omitted if desired, and the basque-band like that in front be substituted. A middle-aged or an

elderly woman can wear such a bodice with great propriety.

It is pleasant to see a simple hood on a cape, in the midst of triple collars, butterfly collars, and all the fluffiness of the present fashion. The model of Figure 6 has just come from Paris, and is most suitable for traveling, or in fact for any wear. The original is of light tan-colored cloth, lined throughout with brown silk, the same color also lining the hood.

Figures 7 and 8 are designs for the back and front of a cape; the material is of cream-colored Spanish lace, with a large plaited collar of cream-colored satin; a row of beaded gimp is placed near the bottom of the cape. Black guipure lace, with a plaited collar of black satin or lace, is also very stylish made up in this way.

Figure 9 shows us one of the very newest bonnets, of white straw and of a most becoming shape. Around the crown is a band of violet-colored ribbon, the strings being of the same material; at the back is a loose bunch of violets, and there is a full bunch of violets with an aigrette of pheasant's feathers. A bunch of violets rests on the hair under the plaited brim.

It is impossible to give designs of all the new hats and bonnets which are temptingly displayed to catch the fancies of weak women, but we select the newest always, and, as a rule, those which we think the prettiest. In Figure 10, we have a brown and yellow straw, with something like a "Beef-eater" crown. It is trimmed with brown satin ribbon, lined with jonquil-colored satin, and trimmed with a graceful tuft of brown feathers.

The black lace hat in Figure 11 is suitable for dress-occasions, such as a garden-party or reception. It is ornamented with a large yellow rose and foliage and coquilles of black lace. As frames for making up hats are to be obtained at most shops, such a hat as our model can easily

be made by deft fingers at home, for the present styles are so irregular in shape that any little deficiency in placing the lace will only give the hat a more picturesque look.

In Figure 12, we give a head-dress of much the same effect as the one in the April number of this Magazine. In that design, the hair itself is arranged in large bows at the back; while in our present model, loops of ribbon made to



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

stand up stiffly have much the same result, and are more easily handled. This head-dress is, of course, only suitable for evening or full-dress wear.

The sensible fashion of dressing girls at the present time recommends itself to all mothers; frocks are usually loose and not too much trimmed, as will be seen in the designs for the two young damsels ready for the grace-hoops, croquet, or tennis. Figure 13 is a cream-colored challis, dotted with small bunches of violets; the bottom has two narrow ruffles trimmed with rows of violet ribbon, and the Swiss belt, lower sleeves, and collar are also trimmed with violet ribbon; pearl buttons ornament the sleeves, and the bow at the neck is of cream-colored muslin.

The other model, Figure 14, is of white hunting, the skirt ornamented with a pretty pattern in chain-stitch embroidery in red silk. The surplice bodice, waistband, and sleeves are of white India silk, figured in red.

For the cool spring days, we give in Figure 15 a pretty tweed costume, which fastens invisibly in front; it has four series of gaugings at the waist, and a band

of velveteen around the bottom and on the cuffs. By adding velveteen or cashmere or silk in this style, last year's garments which have not grown with the growth of the little one can be made very presentable. The very pretty hat in our design is of white muslin, or may be of rose-colored or blue.

The boy's suit of flannel is just what every boy will enjoy tumbling about in—loose and comfortable; the Russian blouse fastens on the right shoulder, and, like the collar, is trimmed with braid; the belt is of leather. We advise the mothers of all little boys to consider Figure 16 carefully.

In Figure 17, we offer another garment for a small boy—not as useful, nor as much to the liking of the little man, perhaps, as the last design, but very pretty. It is of white serge, the skirt kilt-plaited, blouse ornamented



FIG. 6.

down the front with Russian embroidery, and the square yoke and cuffs trimmed with Irish guipure lace. *

A FEW GENERAL REMARKS.

The flare in the new skirts is not accomplished by the use of crinoline or other stiffening as much as by the proper cut of the garment. The usual width of a skirt at the bottom is five yards, not too tight over the hips, but gored sufficiently to fit them nicely; though, as we have said before, much apparent fullness is given by all the ruffles, bands, etc. The exceedingly wide skirt has never found favor with the best-dressed people, and the fronts do not flare too much, but are nearly straight. For summer gowns of thin material, as many as five full

are not too severely plain; fullness in some way is necessary, either in the cut of the bodice or in the trimming. Some are crossed over the back, some are fulled into a yoke or into the waistband, whilst others have a high corselet over a full waist.

Blouse-waists were never more popular



FIGS. 7 AND 8.

flounces are used; they are bias and usually only hemmed, or trimmed with narrow lace or ribbon.

Most bodices are round; but those slightly pointed, especially in front, are being much worn and usually improve the figure. The wide belt is suitable for slender persons only. But almost every style is seen in bodices, provided they

than at present, and they are exceedingly elegant, useful, and becoming; they are mostly gathered or plaited, and have ruffles or jabots down the front, and very full sleeves.

The surplice waist is also gaining great favor; it is so cool for the hot weather, and may be either full or plain on the shoulders, crossing over the bust, usually fastened under a belt.

Worth makes most of his sleeves of the balloon form at the top, and frills or flounces of the material or lace form capes, pointed at the back and front, and passing over the top of the balloon sleeve, forming an epaulette, thus adding



FIG. 9.

considerably to the width of the wearer's shoulders.

Bonnets are usually small, and the tendency seems to be to use all flowers, either on hats or bonnets, in bunches standing up in the same manner as they grow.

WEDDING-GIFTS.

There is an impression that the giving of wedding-presents is a custom of modern days; but this is a mistake. It was usual with the Greeks and Romans and some Eastern nations to show nuptial honor in this way, and the custom has prevailed through the centuries, though never to such a degree as in the present day. Indeed, complaints are made of the tax this custom levies on the pockets of friends. However, we desire to say a word in favor of the practice. And this we will perhaps best do by pointing out some customs attending wedding-gifts in foreign lands.

Among the Greeks, it was the custom to send to the newly married people what were known as "the unveiling presents," because they were given on the occasion of the bride's first appearance unveiled. The bride was brought in solemn procession late in the evening to her husband's house, generally on a carriage, with the bridegroom and his best man sitting at either side of her. Both were covered with garlands and perfumed, while the Hymenæus, or nuptial song, was sung by the company to the sound of harps and flutes. The next morning, the married pair separated for a day, and the bridegroom slept at the house of his father-in-law, when the bride sent him a present of a garment. Then only the young couple were to receive their friends, who offered congratulations and wedding-presents, which were called "anakalupteria." She was seated in her apartment, with a gilt crown on her head, and there she received the presents of her guests.

Among the Romans, both parties gave



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.

presents to those friends who had negotiated or favored their marriage. The contract of espousals was usually confirmed by gifts on the part of the husband to his betrothed, and sometimes, but not so commonly, the woman made presents to the man. These were called "*sponsalia*," espousals, or "*sponsalitiae donationes*," espousal gifts, and "*arrhæ et pignora*," earnest and pledges of future marriage. Juvenal says: "*Digito pignus fortasse dedisti*." Together with these espousal gifts, it was usual for the man to give the woman a ring, as a further token and testimony of the contract—a ceremony afterward adopted among Christian rites of espousal, though not used at that time in the solemnization of matrimony itself.

In Syria, as well as everywhere in the East, presents are absolutely essential in betrothals and at the time of marriage. They are given with much ceremony before witnesses, and the articles presented are described in a written document, so that, if the match

be broken off, the bridegroom can obtain them back again, or their value, and something more as a compensation for the injury, or, as the lawyers say in our day, a salve for wounded feelings. The custom prevailed as early as the days of Abraham, as we learn from the book of Genesis.

A curious custom prevails among the Turcomans and Moors of West Barbary, as well as several other Oriental races. The bridegroom is placed within a circle of dancers, and the guests and bystanders, wetting small coins, stick them on his forehead. All the money thus collected is added to the dowry of the couple. As the coins are put on the bridegroom's forehead, the attending servants shake them off into a basket which is placed in his lap, his eyes being meanwhile shut, and the name of the donor and the value of the gift are announced.

In the case of the Arabs of the present day, the bridegroom makes the bride presents which are sent a day or two before the nuptials. As soon as the bride reaches the bridegroom's house,



FIG. 12.



FIGS. 13 AND 14.



FIG. 15.

she makes him presents of household furniture, a spear, and a tent. The marriage contract amongst the Persians stipulates for the settlement of numerous presents, in addition to a certain sum of money. If the bridegroom is in moderate circumstances, he gives his bride two complete dresses, a ring, and a mirror. He also supplies the furniture, carpets, mats, culinary utensils, and other necessities for their home. With the Armenians, presents are exchanged between the bride and bridegroom on the evening before the wedding.

To go empty-handed to a Greek wedding would be considered a breach of etiquette and long-established usage. All

the gifts bestowed are exhibited with much ceremony and *éclat*, the day after the marriage. The bride is seated in the centre of the room in her own house, still attired in her bridal costume. Before her is a large open trunk, in which are all the wedding-gifts, with the donors' names attached. By her side stands an attendant, who takes out each article and holds it up before admiring and applauding friends, while occasionally a professional extemporizer sings a laudatory verse in honor of the donor. The usual presents amongst the peasantry and small farmers comprise portions of



FIG. 16.



FIG. 17.

clothing, caps, slippers, sweetmeats, toys, and jewelry.

While it might be desirable to adopt some Chinese customs, it would be counted a hardship to be obliged to follow them in the bestowal of wedding-gifts. Their usage in this particular would create quite a revolution. Among the Celestials, the family of the bridegroom make presents of various articles to the family of the bride a short time before the day fixed for marriage. The presents generally consist of food, a cock and hen, the leg and foot of a pig, the leg of a goat, eight small cakes of bread, eight torches, three pairs of large red candles, a quantity of vermicelli, and several bunches of fire-crackers. Two or three days before the wedding, a red card is sent by the family of the bride to that of the bride-

groom, stating the quantity of furniture that will be supplied as the bride's dowry. In the neighboring kingdom of Siam, it is the rule for all guests to bring presents.

Swedish brides used to receive from their friends a pig, sheep, or cow; and from the bridegroom, a colt, dog, or goose. Among the wealthier classes, the happy couple sat on a kind of raised dais, under a canopy of silk, on their wedding-day; and their presents, consisting of plate, jewels, and money, were arranged on a silk-covered bench before them.

Every guest at a Norwegian wedding brought the bride a present. In many parts, a keg of butter was the usual gift; if the marriage took place in the winter, salted or frozen meat was offered. At the present day, at a Scandinavian wedding, the gifts generally take the form of jewelry, plate, household furniture, books, and the like.

Among the early Germans, money was given to the bride's relatives on the wedding-day; but this custom was not followed, if the marriage happened to be an unequal one. Men of rank who had lost their wives, but had children, in order to avoid burdening their estates,

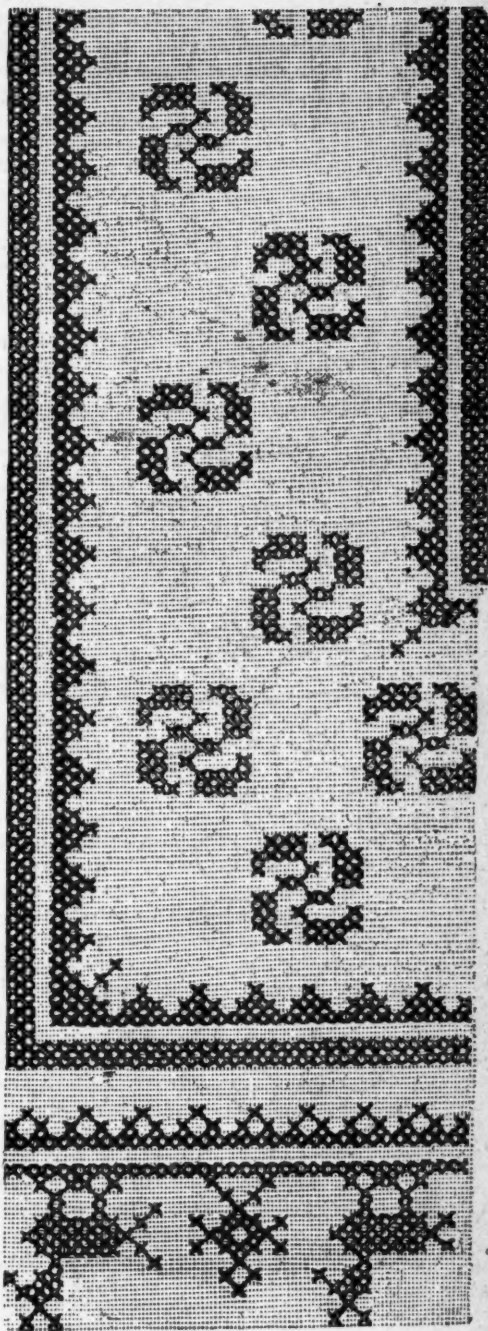


FIG. 1.

married low-born women, who, bringing no fortune, were not entitled to dower. In such cases, the husband gave his wife a pair of oxen for ploughing, a harnessed horse, a buckler, a lance, and a sword, to signify that she ought not to lead an idle and luxurious life, but should be a partner with him in his labors and a companion of his dangers. The wife gave her husband weapons.

The "morgengabe" was a present made by the husband to his wife on the morning after his marriage. Sometimes it was a chain of gold or a jewel; at others, a portion of the husband's fortune. Formerly, such a present was given at every wedding; but lately, only at the weddings of the nobility. This custom was often carried to excess, the bride having the privilege of asking for any sum of money, or, in fact, anything she pleased, and which could not in honor be refused by the husband. The demands sometimes were exorbitant, hence the laws limited the amount to be given. Amongst the ancient Germans, as we learn from Tacitus, the husband bestowed gifts upon his wife at marriage.

Another custom in Germany went by the name of "pay weddings." At the entertainment which followed the marriage, the guests deposited money—gold or silver—or jewelry in a basin which stood before the bride, who was seated at a table with her female friends. In other instances, every visitor paid for the refreshments which he had, as at an inn. Long ago, it was common in parts of Germany, as well as in Holland and France, to distribute at the weddings of the upper classes medals on which were various devices. Presents were made at the entertainment following the nuptial ceremonies in France, by all the guests. The presents were



deposited in a basin that stood before the couple, while music was played.

In Wales, presents were generally made to the couple several days after the ceremony. They were usually house-

four to six gallons. Weddings were characterized by several curious customs, among which the "bidding" was interesting. The richer people sent circular letters to the guests by a paid bidder or inviter, in which it was stated, as in present-day applications to a benevolent public for help, that "any donations would be thankfully received." In later years, the custom of sending bidding letters was so common throughout Wales that printers kept bidding-forms in type.

In the Celtic districts of Ireland, the presents to a bride, especially if she is popular, take the substantial form of a cow or calf, or couple of sheep, or it may be a litter of young pigs. In other parts of the country, the custom has not obtained, except amongst the better classes, whose wedding-gifts are of the kind that usually prevail in England.

OUR WORK-TABLE.

In the Cupid design in Figure 1, we have a pretty pattern suitable for many purposes—the top of a pincushion, a sachet, a doily, an umbrella-wrap—in so many ways can Cupid be made serviceable. For the pincushion or sachet, he may be rosy-hued; for the doily, any favorite color—gold would be good; for the umbrella-cover, red or brown or orange. The embroidery should be in fine outline or Kensington-stitch.

Decorated table-cloths are still fashionable, and they are very effective. On entering a dining-room, the embroidery around the border of the cloth is very noticeable, and gives an idea of warmth not to be obtained by the plain white damask, no matter how beautiful the pattern or how fine the quality. The embroidery may be done in loose flowing patterns in Kensington-stitch, or in the quicker cross-stitch. In the former, one color, such as red, is better; in the cross-stitch, blue and red in Russian style look best. Embroidery-cotton in fast colors is the best for either work. Napkins may correspond, if desired.

During the long days of summer, there are many times when a little while can be given to bits of embroidery that can



FIG. 3.

hold furniture, domestic utensils, pewter plates, knives, forks, candlesticks, grain, and money. A servant-maid who had continued in the same service for seven years was entitled, upon her marriage, to a copper kettle of a capacity of from

be picked up between other avocations, and so a good deal of work may be accomplished. In Figure 3, we give an embroidery pattern for a child's dress, which can be worked on either cotton or woolen goods. Used as an insertion in the bodice, done in some pretty color, it is very handsome. On a buff or white lawn, it looks well; or if the worker wishes to "take time by the forelock" and get her winter work performed early in the season, she can have the gray or brown flannel or woolen frock ornamented before the rush of more important work comes on. This is also a good pattern for embroidery above the hems of flannel skirts or above the tucks on drawers, done in nice white embroidery-cotton; such home-made work outlasts the bought embroideries.

We have before spoken of crowding sofas and other places with cushions.



FIG. 5.

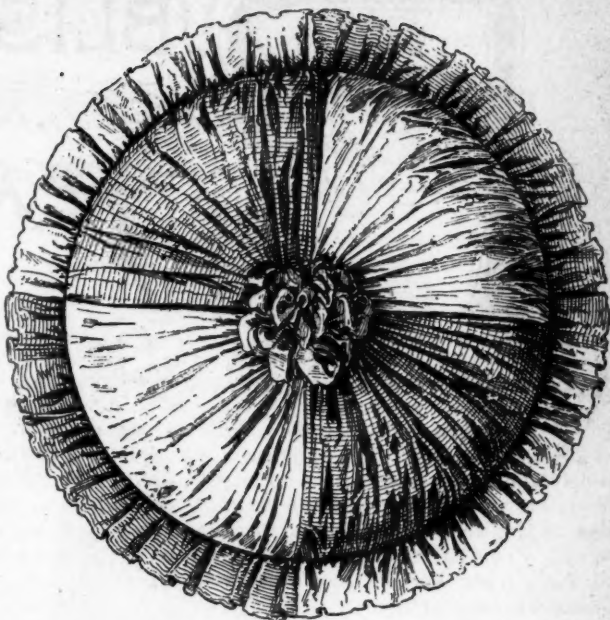



FIG. 4.

The modes of decoration of these down comforts are innumerable; usually they are square, but the newest design is a round puff cushion like that of Figure 4, made in shades of light and dark green silk, which are placed alternately. The material is slightly full at the edges, and gathered in the centre under a rosette made of the two shades of ribbon; the reverse side may be plain or made in the same way as the design, but of some other colored silk, as crimson or yellow. Velvet may be used in the place of silk.

Book-covers are greatly used to hide the torn backs of magazines and paper-covered books, and are serviceable to slip over a richly bound volume, to keep it from being rubbed before it is placed on the library-shelf or returned to its owner, if it is a borrowed book. We know of persons who have several sizes of book-covers for various publications; they give color to the table, and show artistic taste if well made. Our model is of olive-green plush, with corners in old brocade or Oriental embroidery, edged with gold galloon similar to that on the back.

PUBLISHERS PAGE



WE shall begin in our July number a new novelet by C. L. Perkins, entitled "The Bride of a Summer's Day." The author is not widely known in America, but no recent writer has won a more enviable reputation in England for novelets and short stories. This latest production is a great advance on Mr. Perkins's previous efforts, brilliant as they were.

"A Bride of a Summer's Day" is a tale of English society-life, and presents an intensely interesting and truthful picture. The incidents are novel and admirably managed, and the characters are real living men and women, attractive and individual enough to make their stories worth the telling.

The novelet will run through several numbers, and cannot fail to keep the reader's attention "from start to finish."

THE EMERSON PIANO CO. celebrated the opening of their new warerooms at 116 Boylston Street, Boston, by an informal reception on April 8th.

These rooms are the finest, in point of extent, beauty, equipment, and general convenience, of any piano warerooms in the United States. The main store, opening from the street, contains a splendid assortment of Emerson pianos. Connecting with this are various other rooms, among them being an ordinary sized parlor with furnishings, so that a piano played therein may be heard with the same effect as in one's own house. This is an admirable feature, as a piano purchased after being heard only

in a large wareroom is found to produce a far different effect when again heard in a private parlor.

Mr. P. H. Powers, the well-known head of the concern, together with its other officers, have every reason to feel proud, not only of these warerooms, but of the magnificent business record which has culminated in this their latest enterprise. They have also very lately established warerooms at 218 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, while their New York City quarters continue at 92 Fifth Avenue.

The Emerson pianos have a very high reputation acquired by steady progress for over forty years. Reputations that have been built by their methods are sure to endure.

A SENSATIONAL STORY has attracted attention lately; but, as a matter of fact, the public has also devoted time to things substantial, judging by the unprecedented sales of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Unequaled as a food for infants. Sold by grocers and druggists.

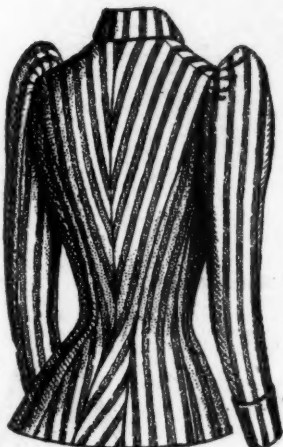
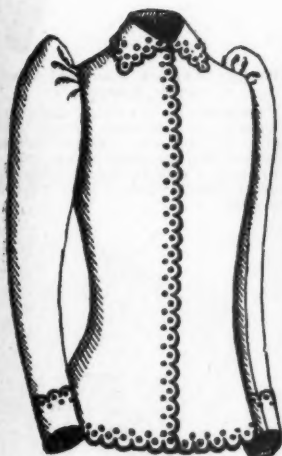
COLDNESS.—Water always begins to freeze at the surface, and so do people—always. It is so very important to know that. Sometimes the thinnest film of ice is mistaken for a deep frost.

MORE DISEASES are produced by using brown and perfumed soaps than by anything else. Why run such terrible risks when you know Dobbins' Electric Soap is pure and perfect? Dobbins' prevents hands from chapping.

No. 1163—Girls' Dress.

Price, 25 cents.

This pattern cuts from 23 to 29 inches, bust measure, and if made as illustrated, a medium size will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 42-inch goods, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 18-inch velvet. If made of one material, $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 21-inch, or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 42-inch goods will be required.

**No. 5091****Ladies' Breakfast Sacque.**

Price, 25 cents.

A tasty design for a house sacque, its stylish cut and finish of edges with button-hole scallops or neat stitching being its only trimming, and it is a standard pattern for all goods, whether lawn, cambric, striped or plain flannel, cashmere, etc., are used for it.

No. 5053—Girls' Dress.

Price, 20 cents.

An attractive dress for outing wear, made as here seen, of navy-blue flannel, the gulimpe effect and sleeves being of red flannel, though any other goods may be used for the dress, and silk, cashmere, lawn, or other washable fabrics for the combination. An anchor worked in white may ornament the front of the waist.



**No. 5577—Ladies' Shirt Waist.**

Price, 30 cents.

The above design is adapted for wash silk or cotton goods. It is cut in sizes of 30 to 42 inches, bust measure, and requires of 21-inch goods from $4\frac{1}{4}$ to $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards, according to size, and from $3\frac{3}{4}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch goods.

**No. 39—Tennis Racquet Case.**

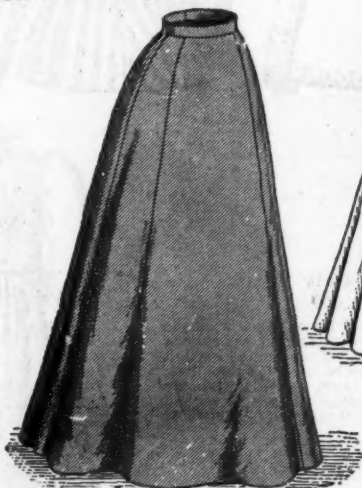
Price, 10 cents.

Is suitable for felt, cloth, flannel, etc., and cuts in one size only. It may be fastened with a loop of the goods or braid, and decorated with an initial on one side. It will require 1 yard of 27-inch goods, or, if made of 54-inch goods, 1 yard will make two cases.

**No. 32****Ladies' Leg o' Mutton Sleeve.**

Price, 10 cents.

10 to 15 inches muscular part of arm.

**No. 5584—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt.**

Price, 30 cents.

The above design is adapted for any material. It cuts 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inches, waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size of 21-inch goods, $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards, or, of 42-inch goods, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Each size will require 6 yards of 24-inch lining.

No. 5582—Ladies' Basque.

Price, 30 cents.

This design is adapted for any material. If made as illustrated, the medium size will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 42-inch material, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 18-inch velvet for the sleeves, collar, and collarette, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of lace. For 36 inch, bust measure, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 21-inch or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 42-inch goods will be required.

**No. 8045****Ladies' House Dress or Wrapper.**

Price, 35 cents.

This design is adapted for any material, and is cut in different sizes.



No. 5556—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Price, 30 cents. With fitted lining.

It cuts 30 to 42 inches, bust measure, and a medium size will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 21-inch or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 42-inch goods, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 18-inch velvet for belt.

FREE DRESS PATTERN COUPON—JUNE, 1893.

The attached coupon entitles any subscriber to ARTHUR'S NEW HOME MAGAZINE to any one of the "Domestic" Paper Patterns of a value not to exceed twenty-five cents.

Cut it out, and send it with your name and address, and the number and size of the pattern wanted, plainly written in ink, to the "Domestic" Publishing Company (not us), and enclose them six cents. If you want a pattern the price of which exceeds twenty-five cents, enclose the difference in stamps in addition to the six cents, as this coupon is only good for twenty-five cents.

You may select any pattern on this or the three preceding pages, or in either of the current "Domestic" publications.

Send them two cents for a "Style," a monthly eight-page paper containing the latest designs; or twenty cents for the "Domestic Fashion Review," a quarterly containing more than one thousand seasonable patterns.

We cannot undertake to extend this offer to any persons who are not bona fide subscribers to our Magazine.

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Broadway and Fourteenth Street, New York City.

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Music by ALFRED E. GAUL.

Allegretto con moto.

Piano.



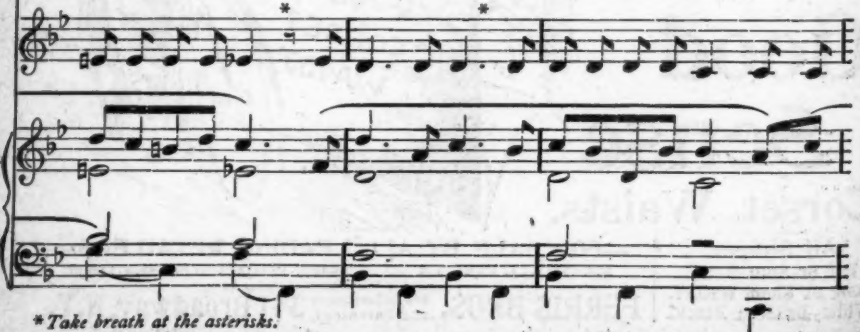
SOPRANO.

1. Hail! all hail! thou lovely month of ro - ses! We welcome thee and all thy days With
2. Hail! all hail! cre - a - tion bows before thee, And owns thou art, above the rest, The
3. Hail! all hail! thou lovely month of ro - ses! When thou hast gone thy memo - ry A

ALTO.



ev - 'ry mark of joy; The fra - grance soft that in thine hours re - po - ses Brings
monarch of the year. The flow'rs, the birds, and mankind all a - dore thee, Thy
treasure sweet we keep; The day whereon thy reign un-time-ly clo - ses, The



* Take breath at the asterisks.

JUNE.

rall.

bliss un-to our longing hearts, And that without al-loy!
 sun-ny hours so gold-en-hued, Thy skies so a-zure clear!
 blossoms droop their gentle heads Towards the earth and weep!

rall. * *a tempo.*

All hail! all hail! and

rall. *a tempo.*

All hail! all hail! and leave us not too soon, All hail! all hail! and

leave us not too soon,

rall.

leave us not too soon, Thou month of sweet-ness, ro-sy month of June!

rall.

rall.

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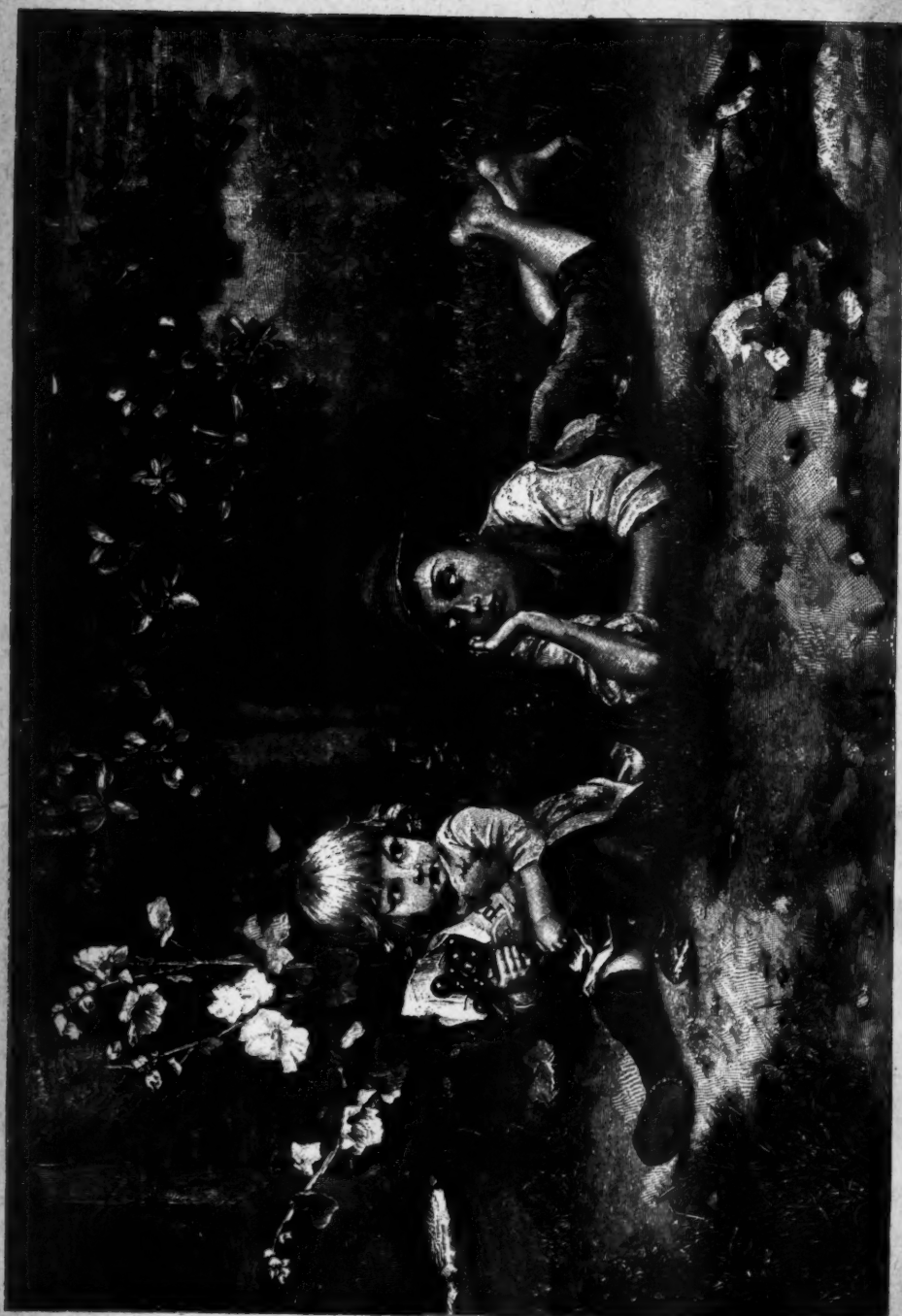
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